Charles. Wood

THE Messiah.

Attempted from the German of Mr. Klopstock

VOL. II.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

FIFTH BOOK

F THE

MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD deſcends towards the earth, and is met by the wiſe men of the eaſt, newly releas'd from their bodies, one of whom addreſſes the MOST HIGH. He is ſeen by the firſt inhabitant of a guiltleſs world, who relates to his happy offspring, what he has heard of the fall of man, and the coming of the MESSIAH. GOD reſts on TABER. JESUS prays, when ADRAMELECH coming to inſult him, is by a look put to flight. The MESSIAH comes to his diſciples, whom he finds aſleep. He then returns to pray. ABBADONA comes, and after miſtaking JOHN for the MESSIAH, finds him, and gives vent to his thoughts. The MESSIAH again returns to his ſleeping diſciples, and a third time proſtrates himſelf in prayer, when GOD ſends ELOA to comfort him by ſinging a triumphant ſong on his future glory. All the angels, except ELOA and GABRIEL withdraw, and GOD himſelf returns to his celeſtial throne.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK V.

ARRAY'D in awful dignity, JEHOVAH ſat on his exalted throne, and near him ſtood ELOA, who, with humble reverence, and low proſtration, ſaid, May I preſume, O ETERNAL! to aſk, Why ſits terror on thy brow? Why does anger flaſh from thine eyes? What means this thunder which rolls tremendous? Thou look'ſt on the ſtars, and they hide their heads. Silent are the cherubim and ſeraphim—Of all the numberleſs myriads of angelic ſpirits, none do I hear chanting grateful praiſe, none in lofty ſtrains hymning the great MESSIAH; but all, with reverential

awe, veil their faces before thee. Wilt thou, O God! ariſe, and deſtroy the kingdom of Satan? Wilt thou, O Most Righteous! go forth to chaſtiſe the blaſphemer! and to reduce to nothing the deep abyſs of Hell his dominion? Shall the name of him whom thou haſt created no longer remain in the book of the living? Then ſhall I ſee him lying proſtrate, O thou adoreable Source of Justice!—lying proſtrate before thee, vanquiſh'd by thine anger, while the howlings of his deſpair ſhall pervade the regions of eternal night, and reach even the gates of Heaven. Then ſhall the ſtars in their courſes proclaim, There lies the arch-apoſtate, reduc'd to deſtruction. If this be thy will, O thou Sovereign Judge! arm me with thy power, and permit me to march out againſt the blaſphemer. Let me be encompaſs'd with impenetrable gloom; give me a thouſand thunders, and cloathe me in thy divine ſtrength, that before thy face, I may cruſh at the

very gate of death, the menacing chief of thine accurſed foes. O Jehovah, how dreadful art thou in judgment! long had I exiſted when the earth was form'd; for my days are not the days of a mortal, who ſhoots up, ſpreads his leaves and flouriſhes, then withers, ſinks, and dies: yet never have I ſeen thee thus array'd in terror! O thou Omnipotent! forgive my having taken upon me to ſpeak to thee. I am but a vapour. Be not offended againſt me, O my Maker! view me not with that piercing look which thou now caſteſt on the earth, leſt thy finite ſeraph die, and no longer be remember'd in the ſanctuary of his God.

Eloa, ſaid the Most High, I will deſcend to the Messiah, who is about to fall a ſacrifice to the cruelty of the people I have choſen. They have ſlighted his miracles; they have deſpis'd his inſtructions; they have diſregarded my offer'd terms of mercy and ſalvation. Now he ſuffers, the juſt for the unjuſt.

He, guiltleſs, ſuffers for ſinners: he ever merciful will bleed for his very murderers, and even lay down his life, not for his friends; but for his cruel, his mercileſs enemies.

Thus ſpake the Almighty, and aroſe from his eternal throne. Loud thunder now reſounded thro' the high arch of Heaven. The holy mountains ſhook: the clouds of ſacred darkneſs which encompaſs'd the ſanctuary, three times flew back, and at the fourth, the lofty ſeat of judgment was ſeen to tremble. The Most High walk'd thro' the ſolar way that leads down to earth. At the end of the bright path illumin'd by ſuns, he was met by a ſeraph, who was conducting ſix righteous ſouls, who had lately left their bodies: they were array'd in glory, and their new etherial forms ſhone with reſplendent beams. Theſe were the ſix wiſe men of the happy eaſt, who, guided by a ſwift moving ſtar, firſt brought their gifts, and paid their adorations to Jesus

—to Jesus, the heavenly babe, encompaſs'd by miniſtring angels.

Hadad, for ſo the firſt was call'd, left his beloved conſort, the faireſt of the daughters of Bethurim. At his deceaſe ſhe burſt into no lamentations. This in a ſacred hour of love ſhe had vow'd to Hadad: certain of his and her immortality, ſhe ſuppreſs'd her tears —ſhe forgot to weep: Yet their mutual love exceeded that of mortals.

Selima, during a life of piety, and fervent devotion, had borne his misfortunes with reſignation. He died, and enter'd on everlaſting happineſs.

Zimri taught the people: but they treated him with contempt, and perſiſted in their vices. Yet when dying, he prevail'd on one of them to lead a divine life, and then expir'd.

Mirja brought up five ſons, whom, by his example and inſtructions, he inſpir'd with the love of Virtue. They enjoy'd her pure, her intellectual treaſures: this was their riches: they nei-

ther had, nor needed other wealth: but looking forward to a more bliſsful ſtate, they, with reſignation, beheld their pious father die.

Beled's eyes ſmiling in death, were clos'd by his once mortal enemy, who wept over him. Beled had reveng'd himſelf by his magnanimity; for he had generouſly given him half his kingdom. On which the hatred of enmity gave way to the ſoft ſenſations of friendſhip. He who had endeavour'd to dethrone Beled, now became charm'd with his virtues, and liv'd like him.

Sunith us'd to ſing in Parphar's grove to the youth of Bethlehem, and with him were his three holy daughters. Thee have the cedars—thee has Jedidoth's flowing ſtream bewail'd to its lonely banks! Ah thee, have thy veil'd daughters, O Sunith! lamented to their harps, with virgin tears!

The piercing eye of theſe ſpirits penetrated the wide expanſe, and they ſaw a diſtant approaching glance of the di-

vine glory. Their ſenſes now refin'd, and fitted for everlaſting joys, became more ſtrong, more exquiſite. The glory of the LORD paſs'd over them, and the ſeraph, with humble adoration, cry'd aloud, Behold the great JEHOVAH!—

SELIMA now fill'd with rapture, eſſay'd to ſpeak, when his new voice, flowing in ſoft melody and ſilver ſounds, fill'd him with pleaſing ſurpriſe. O thou whom I behold, ſaid he; by what name, thou SOURCE of Being, of Light and Joy!—by what worthy name ſhall I, tranſported, call thee?—thee whom my eyes now firſt behold! GOD! JEHOVAH! FATHER! Or wouldſt thou rather be nam'd the INEXPRESSIBLE? Or the FATHER of thy holy Son JESUS, who, at Bethlehem, aſſum'd the human form: whom we, with troops of rejoicing angels ſaw? Hail eternal FATHER of the everlaſting SON, to thee be rais'd inceſſant Hallelujahs. In thee exults the immortal ſoul, born of thine

inſpiring breath, and the heireſs of eternal life. Thou moſt Bleſs'd! moſt Incomprehenſible; among men have I heard thee nam'd Love; yet how dreadful, how terrible doſt thou now appear! Oh comeſt thou forth to ſlay thine enemies? Shall the abode of ſinners be utterly deſtroy'd? Wilt thou exterminate thoſe that yet diſown thy Son? No, thou art merciful and gracious! Thou wilt not be rigorous in judgment? For them—even for them, the unthankful and the evil, haſt thou ſent the great Messiah! Hail thou eternal Father of the everlaſting Son! Then Selima, with the other ſouls, worſhipp'd in humble proſtration.

At the other end of the luminous path, Eloa, with agil motion, leapt into his reſplendent chariot, in which he had carry'd Elijah up to Heaven, when, O Dothan on thy cloud-envellopp'd mountains, he was ſeen by Eliſha. Eloa ſtood erect. He rnſh'd forward like an impetuous ſtorm. Then

reſounded the golden axis. Then backward flew his hair and veſture, like ſhining clouds. With firm foot the immortal ſtood immoveable. In his right hand he carry'd on high a ſtorm; at each elevated thought thunders burſt from the tempeſt. Thus he follow'd the mighty JEHOVAH through luminous paths enlighten'd by ſuns. The ALMIGHTY now paſs'd through the vaſt aſſemblage of ſtars, call'd the Milky Way: nam'd among the immortals the Reſting Place of the OMNIPOTENT: for when the firſt celeſtial ſabbath ſaw the world completed, there the ETERNAL ſtopp'd to view his works.

The ALMIGHTY now approach'd a ſtar, the dwelling of rational beings, men form'd like us, but free from vice, and exempt from death. Their firſt progenitor ſtood among his guiltleſs offſpring in all the bloom, in all the vigour of manly youth, tho' a long ſeries of ages had paſs'd over his head. His eyes, which time had not dimm'd, be-

held with pleaſure his happy deſcendants; nor were they incapable of ſhedding the pleaſing tear of joy. His quick ear was not clos'd to the voice of the Most High; to the inſtructions of the ſeraph; nor to the language of his numerous offspring, from whom he with pleaſure heard the endearing appellation of Father. At his right ſide ſtood the mother of men, her children, beautiful as when the Creator firſt led her, immortal fair! to the embraces of her ſpouſe; even age had added to her charms, and ſhe now appear'd more lovely than her blooming daughters. At his left hand was his firſt-born, his worthy ſon, the image of his father, array'd in heavenly innocence. Around them ſtood their deſcendants of different gerations; and ſcatter'd about them, on the ſmiling turf, reclin'd their youngeſt offspring, whoſe waving locks falling in curls, were crown'd with flowers, beautiful as thoſe that, on this earth, once enamell'd the plains of Paradiſe. With

pleaſure they gaz'd on their primeval parents, while their young hearts panted to imitate their virtues. The fathers and mothers had brought the lovely infants born the preceding year, to receive the firſt dear embrace, and pious benediction of their original anceſtors. When the happy father of this bleſſed race of immortal beings, lifting up his eyes towards Heaven, to invoke the divine benediction, beheld the face of God. The ſmile of benignity and paternal love now gave place to a look of ſolemn and reverential awe, mingled with gratitude; then bowing in humble worſhip, he cry'd:

Behold, O my children, the Great Eternal! from whom both you and I receiv'd our life. 'Tis he who has cloath'd thoſe vales with beauteous flowers; thoſe blooming groves with fragrant bloſſoms and bluſhing fruit, together hanging on each bending bough; and has crown'd the ſummit of theſe mountains with golden clouds;

yet neither to the flowery vale, the blooming grove, or to the aſpiring mountain, has he given immortal ſouls. Theſe were his gifts to you, my children! Neither to hill, nor grove, nor vale, has he given your lovely features, nor the human form, ſo convenient, ſo auguſt: nor the face ſignificant, expreſſive of the ſoul's deepeſt thoughts: no look of rapturous joy ſublime, with grateful eye rais'd up to Heaven: no voice to tranſmit the great ſenſations of the glowing heart to fellow minds; or to join the lofty ſtrains of the adoring angels! To me he appear'd in the waving groves of Paradiſe, then a ſmall, but delightful garden, though it has now ſpread over this ſpacious country. There, with benignant grace, he firſt appear'd to me, when from earth he had form'd me man, and bleſſing me, led your mother to my embraces. Speak, ye cedars, ruſtling ſpeak—ſpeak, for under your branches I ſaw him walk! Stay, thou rapid ſtream—ſtay, for there

I ſaw him paſs thy waves! Whiſper, ye gentle gales, as when with ſmiling grace he deſcended from theſe towering hills! Stand ſtill before him, O earth, and ſuſpend thy courſe, as once thou ſtoodſt ſtill, when he paſs'd over thee; when round his face ſublime the moving heavens flow'd! when his right hand pois'd the glowing ſuns, and in his left he held the revolving planets!

May I preſume, O ETERNAL! again enraptur'd to look on thee? O FATHER! diſperſe the tremendous gloom with which thou art encompaſs'd. Remove from thine eyes that awful diſpleaſure, which ſure none but an immortal can behold and live! By whom, O my GOD! art thou offended?—can it be by thoſe thou loveſt?—Perhaps 'tis by the miſerable race of ſpirits who fell and ventur'd (a thought I can ſcarce conceive!) to provoke the ALL-GRACIOUS, the OMNIPOTENT.—

Hear me, O my children, and attend to my words.—Long have I been ſilent,

leſt I ſhould give inquietude to your tender, your happy minds, and melancholy ſhould diſturb your ſacred reſt. Far from us, on one of the worlds enlighten'd by another ſun, are men whoſe form reſembles ours: but having forfeited their native innocence, are no longer immortal. You juſtly wonder, and well you may, that he who was created for an eternal duration, and was one of the moſt admirable of the works of the great Omnipotent, ſhould baſely forfeit his immortality. But it is not the everlaſting ſpirit—the never-dying ſoul that is become mortal: it is the body which returns to the earth, of which it was made. This they call dying. The immortal ſoul having loſt its beauty, its innocence, is conducted to the righteous judgment ſeat of God, there to receive a ſentence according to the works done in the body.—Ye awful, ye dreadful thoughts fly far from me! I ſtand aghaſt at the dread idea! On that tremendous tribunal, God alone, the

Creator and Judge, can think. With what overwhelming terror does the mere idea of death fill an immortal! It is preceded by ſomething dreadful, which thoſe unhappy creatures call pain. The dying can ſcarce with trembling tongue utter a mournful farewel! —With difficulty he reſpires!—A cold ſweat riſes on his alter'd face!—Faint and ſlow beats his heart!—His eye-ſtrings break!—His eyes become fix'd, and no longer ſee!—From them the face of the earth and heavens are vaniſh'd, and loſt in the abyſs of night! —He no longer hears the voice of man, nor the tender expreſſions of love and friendſhip!—He himſelf cannot ſpeak! His heart has ceas'd to beat! he is dead! The form once the moſt lovely becomes loathſome!—It is bury'd in the earth, and conceal'd from human ſight! Thus the daughter expires in the arms of her fond mother, who wiſhes to accompany her in death. The father preſſes to his heart his only

ſon, who expires in blooming youth. Lamenting children ſee their parents die, the comfort, the ſtay of their years. On the breaſt of the enamour'd bride-groom, immers'd in miſery, reclines his beloved bride, and breathes her laſt. What now remains of heavenly love, and of the ſoft and noble ſentiments it inſpires, is but a faint ſhadow of the pure love, felt by their progenitors the firſt, the happy pair, while, like us, in the ſtate of innocence. In a little time—ah in a very little time, they die. God ſhews them no pity, he relents not at the parting ſigh of the pious ſpouſe, at the fervor of her ſupplications, and her earneſt entreaties for one hour more: nor at the deſpair of the trembling youth embracing her in ſpeechleſs ſorrow: nor at the afflicted virtue, to which love and its tender ſenſibilities, ſometimes raiſe the mortal pair.

Here he ceas'd, interrupted by the lamentations of his affrighted children.

Fathers preſs'd their ſons, and mothers their terrify'd daughters to their trembling breaſts. Boys graſp'd the knees of the ſtooping fathers, and kiſs'd from the parent's eye the manly tear. Hand in hand ſat brothers and ſiſters with their timorous looks fix'd on each other! and on the boſoms of the belov'd fair ſunk, trembling, the immortal youth; who felt life beat with a higher pulſe, while reclin'd on the boſoms of the celeſtial maids. But now the father of that ſpotleſs race, recalling his fortitude, thus reſum'd, while his fair conſort fondly lean'd on his ſhoulder.

Oh may it not be theſe whom God in his wrath, is now viſiting: Alas! they have, perhaps, too much offended their gracious Creator; and having fill'd up the meaſure of their iniquities, he is going to exterminate them. Ah! ye kindred race, originally deſign'd, like us, for immortality, had you but known our affectionate love;—had you

but foreſeen our ſorrow for you; never, ſurely, would you, by your crimes have drawn down the vengeance of your and our ALMIGHTY FRIEND! O kindred race! ſhould the earth be your grave, and GOD at once deſtroy all its rational inhabitants, we will pity thoſe whom GOD has ſlain—but we ſhall deſpiſe ye too—our pity will be mingled with contempt:—How could ye, ungrateful, offend ſuch unbounded goodneſs?—Yet to this race, O ALMIGHTY FATHER! thou haſt ſent thy beloved SON, the glorious MESSIAH! All the ſeraphs, in their viſits to us, with the applauding angels, have proclaim'd, that he ſhall be their Redeemer—that one day he ſhall raiſe the dead to life, and that we ourſelves ſhall ſee them. Behold, the MOST HIGH turns his face from us, and now deſcends to the earth. How wonderful, O GOD, art thou in thy judgments! How inſcrutable are the wiſe deſigns of thy providence! Thou art eternally the ſame, ever per-

fect, ever unchangeable! Let us ſing praiſes to thee, our CREATOR! And let thy bleſſings be pour'd on theſe mine offspring! With faces veil'd the cherubim and ſeraphim worſhip before thine exalted throne! Thee immortal men, adore from this ſacred earth!—thee mortal men, whom thou ſlayeſt, adore in the duſt! Thus he utter'd the effuſions of his ſoul, while his fix'd eyes follow'd the divine effulgence.

The ALMIGHTY now drew near to the earth. From a towering aſſemblage of clouds, ELOA ſaw the great MESSIAH, and there, wrapt in obſcurity, in gentle accents thus ſpake. O thou gracious REDEEMER! how greatly is thy labouring mind diſtreſs'd, while thus imploring and procuring mercy for ſinful man! What finite intellect can comprehend this myſtery!—can comprehend the depths of ſovereign wiſdom, and of grace divine.—But let me be ſilent, and, wrapt in wonder, adore! Thus ſpake ELOA, and then, ſtretching out his

arms towards the earth, in ſilence pour'd forth his benedictions.

God now deſcended on mount Tabor, and, ſhrowded in a ſolemn midnight cloud, view'd this whole terraqueous globe, with idolatrous altars and ſinners cover'd. Over its extenſive plains was ſpread the empire of Death, witneſſing againſt man. Now all the Sins, from the creation to the final day of retribution—the Sins of the idolaters, thoſe of Jehovah's ſervants: the Sins of chriſtians, ſtill more horrid, roſe in the clouds, and advanc'd towards the ſovereign Judge: before him they aroſe, in hideous forms, unſhrouded from night. They aroſe from the abyſs in which they were bury'd by the guilty heart, that, ungrateful, rebell'd againſt the all-gracious Creator. The hideous hoſt was led by the Crimes of thoſe capacious ſouls, who beheld thee, O ſacred Virtue! in all thy celeſtial beauty, yet obey'd not thy pleaſing dictates; but ſelf-convicted, with black

impiety, and redoubled guilt, oppos'd the generous feelings of humanity and heavenly grace, ſtruggling in their breaſts, and witneſſing between themſelves and God. In gigantic form they appear'd before him who directs the thunder, and guides the forked lightning: for inexorable conſcience, with irreſiſtible voice, ſummon'd them to approach. An univerſal accuſation now aſcended to Heaven. On the fluttering wings of the wind were borne the ſoft ſighs of ſuffering virtue. Loud as the roar of waves ruſhing impetuous, reſounded the groans and lamentations of the dying from the bloody field of ſlaughter, witneſſing againſt the ambitious potentates of the earth; and the voice of thunder was given to the blood of the martyrs, crying, O thou who in thine awful hand holdeſt the balance of judgment, behold the innocent blood that has been ſhed—ſhed for thy ſake, O thou moſt holy, juſt and true! The Almighty then revolving in his infinite mind,

the virtues of the various orders of intelligent beings who had continu'd faithful, and the actions of the guilty race of man, his anger was kindled. The earth then ſhook to its centre, and he withheld it, leſt it ſhould be ſcatter'd thro' the immenſity of ſpace. Then turning towards Eloa, the ſeraph, who at once knew the intimations of the divine countenance, aſcended into the air. As from the ark of the covenant roſe the ſky-ſupported cloud, the miraculous guide of the people of Iſrael, and viſible type of Bethlehem's Son, when led by Moses, they from deſart to deſart mov'd their tents; thus ſilent on a midnight cloud ſtood the ſeraph, with his eyes fix'd on the Mount of Olives. Him the bleſſed Saviour then beheld, and inſtantly haſted to Gethſemane, to pour out his ſoul in fervent prayer for man. Fill'd with inward diſtreſs he went, follow'd by three of his diſciples. Theſe he at length left behind, and withdrew alone to a ſilent ſolitary ſpot, where,

unobſerv'd by man, he might give vent to the great, the painful ſenſations that ſwell'd his heart.

Thou haſt led me, O harmonious muſe of Sion! to the ſanctuary; but the Holy of Holies I have not ſeen. Oh had I the ſoft melodious voice with which the exalted ſeraph ſings: did the terrific trump, which ſhook the ſolid baſe of Sion's mount, reſound from my lips: did thunders ſpeak from my right hand the thoughts which the celeſtial harps cannot reſound! Yet, O adoreable MESSIAH! ſhould I fail in ſinging thy paſſion, the mighty conflicts of thy great, thy generous, thy tender ſoul!

Thou, O MOSES, once boldly pray'd to ſee the great JEHOVAH face to face; but was conceal'd in the ſheltering rock, while the glory of GOD paſs'd by; yet from afar beheld the reſplendent beauty of the ETERNAL; I am more frail than thee; yet may the SPIRIT OF TRUTH overſhadow me with his downy wings, and help my feeble ſight, that I may ſee

the bleſſed JESUS ſtruggling in the agonies of his dreadful paſſion!

Proſtrate in the duſt of the earth, which trembled with ſilent terror, lay the gracious MESSIAH, with his guiltleſs eyes and hands lift up towards Tabor. Seen by no mortal eye, his looks were fix'd on his FATHER's face: diſtreſsful thoughts, fill'd with horror, preſs'd in ſwift ſucceſſion on his ſoul, and his whole frame ſhook with unutterable agony. His terrors ſtill encreas'd: the anguiſh of his heavenly mind became more intenſe; and inſtead of ſweat, the ſtarting blood trickled from the face of the adorable, the gracious Sufferer. Then raiſing his head from the ground, his ſtreaming tears, mix'd with the purple drops, while lifting up his hands and eyes, he thus addreſs'd the SOVEREIGN JUDGE:

O my FATHER! when this world was form'd, ſoon dy'd the firſt of men—ſoon was each hour mark'd with dying ſinners! Already have ages paſs'd blaſt-

ed by thy curſe. Now is arriv'd the awful time, when by my death I ſhall purchaſe immortality for man. When the earth was ſcarcely form'd, ere the mouldering corſe return'd to duſt, I choſe this hour of ſuffering, and ardent cry'd, Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God! Now—now is arriv'd the awful time! Hail ye who ſleep in God, ye ſhall awake!—I who form'd the earth was born to die!—to die on its ſurface!—to die that man might live! But how heavily the lot of mortality hangs upon me! O thou who holdeſt the ſword of juſtice! let the hours of anguiſh paſs with rapid flight! To thee, O Father! every thing is poſſible—let therefore this bitter cup paſs from me!—Yet not my will; but thine be done. My uplifted eyes watch at midnight, and can no longer weep: my trembling arms are ſtretch'd towards thee for help: but alas! I do not find it—Faint with weeping, I ſink to the ground—To my grave!—But I reſign

myſelf to thy will—thy will, O Father! be done.

Having thus ſpoke, he lay proſtrate on his face in ſolemn ſilence, then raiſing himſelf up on his trembling arms, look'd forward into the gloom. Here paſs'd before him terrifying images of eternal death. He beheld reprobate ſouls curſe the day of their creation. He heard the diſmal howls of the deep reſounding abyſs: the wing'd voice of anguiſh, like falling cataracts, bellowing loud. Then the voices of mankind ſunk in one boundleſs ſigh of deep-rooted deſpair. Jesus ſympathiz'd in their diſtreſs, and, fill'd with unutterable compaſſion, felt their miſery.

Adramelech from a lonely rock had long view'd the Messiah; but now deſcending, he was ſeen on the earth. Before him he beheld with triumph and exultation a ſuicide reeking in his own blood; the accents of whoſe deſpair, and the bitter ſighs of returning humanity and remorſe, echo'd thro'

all the neighbouring hills. The apoſtate ſpirit then drawing near, reſolv'd to mock the great Messiah. With diſdainful pride in his haughty eye, and loſt in an ocean of impious thoughts he ſtood, reſolving to give to his infernal ideas a voice like that of the black burſting cloud: but Jesus turning, and caſting on him that majeſtic look of awful dignity with which he ſhall judge the world, the rancorous ſpirit felt the powerful glance, and trembling ſunk abas'd. Bewilder'd amidſt a whirl of impetuous crowding thoughts, he ſtood without thought. All around him was a void: no longer did he ſee the heavens and the earth; no longer the Messiah: himſelf alone he beheld. At length with difficulty collecting his weaken'd ſtrength, he fled.

The Mediator now leaving the gloomy ſolitude, walk'd towards his diſciples, that after ſuch ſuffering, ſuch lonely anguiſh, he might enjoy the human ſolace of ſeeing the face of

man. Silent he drew near, and found them aſleep.

The ſurrounding heavens now rejoic'd, and ſolemniz'd the ſecond ſabbath ſince the creation; one ſtill more ſacred than the firſt. At length, the final, the deciſive day of judgment being paſs'd, the third will ariſe with unutterable glory, and extend throughout eternity. At its celebration the Messiah himſelf will preſide. All knew that the great high-prieſt was accompliſhing the redemption: for thus God had ſaid:

When the polar thunders ſhall roll around you, and with them the harmony of the ſpheres, chang'd to the ocean's roar, ſhall join the dreadful concert: when ranks of wandering ſtars, thouſands of ſolar miles above, and thouſands beneath, ſhall tremble through infinite ſpace: when upon you come the terrors of the Lord, and from your heads ſuddenly fall your golden crowns; then has the Messiah begun his ſevereſt ſufferings.

Now ſang the heavenly hoſt, Paſt is the firſt hour of the exalted ſufferings of the great Messiah, the Redeemer of Man! Paſt is the hour which to the good brings eternal reſt.

Meanwhile the Messiah ſtood looking on his diſciples, whom he ſaw faſt in the arms of ſleep. Still glow'd the face of the exalted James. Thus grave and ſerene ſleeps the happy Chriſtian before his death. On the affectionate John reclin'd Peter; but he was not like John, fill'd with ſmiling tranquility. Over the belov'd diſciple, Salem, one of his guardian angels, ſtill hover'd. Jesus now ſaid, Simon Peter thou ſleep'ſt! what, couldſt thou not watch with me one hour? Ah ſoon will quiet ſlumbers ceaſe to cloſe thoſe weeping eyes! Watch and pray leſt the tempter ſurpriſe thee. Thou, indeed art willing; but thine heavenly ſpirit is preſs'd down by thine earthly frame. Jesus then return'd, and again fell on his face, and pray'd.

Now veil'd in the ſable mantle of night, Abbadona came, and thus to himſelf complain'd: Ah! where ſhall I at laſt find the gracious Saviour, the Redeemer? Alas! unworthy am I to ſee this beſt of men. Yet Satan has ſeen him!—O thou divine Prophet! where—oh where ſhall I ſeek thee!—where ſhall I find thee! Thro' every deſart have I rov'd. Every river have I trac'd from its ſource. In the ſolitude of every ſequeſter'd grove, my trembling feet have wander'd. To the cedar have I ſaid, Oh tell me—in ruſtling whiſpers tell me, doſt thou conceal him? To the hanging mountains I cry'd, Bow down your ſolitary tops at my tears, that I may ſee the divine Jesus, who, perhaps, ſleeps on your ſummits! I am unworthy to ſee thy face—ah unworthy am I, O Jesus! to behold thy benignant ſmiles! Thou only art the Saviour of men!—Me thou wilt not ſave!—Thou hear'ſt not the plaintive voice of an immortal!—

Alas! thou art only the Saviour of men!

He then ſaw before him the ſleeping diſciples. Near him lay John, ſmiling in his placid ſlumbers. He ſaw him, and ſtruck with fear, trembling, drew back. Long he paus'd: but at length cry'd, If thou art he whom I ſeek—If thou art the godlike man who came to redeem mankind from ſin and miſery, with tears—with inceſſant tears—with everlaſting ſighs will I hail thee, thou lovely youth! thy countenance has the lineaments of celeſtial purity, and the traces of a tender and generous ſoul. Yes, thou art he!—Thee have I ſought—ſweet tranquility, the rich reward of virtue, hovers round thee! But I tremble at ſeeing thy ſoft repoſe. Turn—oh turn thy face from me; or I muſt look aſide, and weep.

While Abbadona thus ſpake, Peter awaking, call'd out, Ah John! I have ſeen the Master in a dream, at

me he look'd with a diſpleaſure, mingled with pity and gentle mercy.

This the fallen ſeraph heard, and ſtood amaz'd. Now ſurrounded with the ſilence of the night, he diſtinguiſh'd a mournful voice. Then inclining his attentive ear to the place whence it came, he lower bow'd, and more diſtinctly heard the ſoft and doleful accents. Fearful and aſtoniſh'd he ſtood, while from his heart flow'd theſe plaintive thoughts.

Shall I proceed, and view the man who there in ſounds of anguiſh and diſtreſs, ſtruggles with death, and the thoughts of judgment? Shall I ſee the blood of the murder'd, who, perhaps, quietly returning home, through the ſhades of night, quicken'd his ſteps, to embrace his affectionate wife, and to careſs with paternal pleaſure his liſping children, hanging about the neck of their mother, when ſome lurking foe, ſome barbarian in the dark, bent on murder, gave him a mortal wound!

Perhaps his life was crown'd with virtue, and his deportment adorn'd by wiſdom! Ah ſhall I ſee him? Shall I ſee his dying pangs?—his florid cheeks change to deadly paleneſs? Shall I hear his laſt groans—his expiring ſigh? Ah blood murtherouſly ſhed! terrific blood of innocence!—thou beareſt witneſs againſt me at that judgment-ſeat where compaſſion finds no place!—where the ſoft voice of mercy is not heard! I was concern'd in ſeducing the human race—in rendering them ſubject to death! —The blood! —the innocent blood here ſhed; and that which through ſucceſſive ages will flow, is ſpilt by me. Ah! I hear its thundering voice, the horrible voice, with which it calls to God for vengeance — for vengeance everlaſting on my guilty head! Yet I muſt look into the receptacles of your remains!—I muſt gaze on your bones, ye children of Adam! My conſcience, like a furious warrior, riſes in arms againſt me!—My wandering looks rove

around, and are powerfully led to ſcenes of death—to the putrefaction of the dreary ſepulchre! — Thou ſilence of death, how I tremble before thee! Yet he whom I have irritated, comes not in ſilence—comes not in the peaceful night! Thunders and clouds go before him! At his ſtep a ſtorm ariſes! The word of his mouth is death!—is judgment without mercy!

Such were his thoughts while he advanc'd with ſlow and dilatory ſtep towards the mournful voice. Now he beheld the gracious Saviour who, with his face to the earth, ſtill lay in humble proſtration, praying with uplifted hands. Abbadona ſtepp'd back, and, fill'd with fear, was ſilently creeping round him, when Gabriel advancing from the thick concealing ſhade of tufted trees, Abbadona ſaw him, and trembling, retir'd. The inhabitant of Heaven now drew near, and bowing his ear over the Saviour, with-held in his wondering eye the ſtarting tear.

Abſorb'd in thought he ſtood, liſtening with reverential awe to the Messiah, with an ear which, at the diſtance of a thouſand times a thouſand miles, hears the ſongs of the enraptur'd ſpirits that ſurround the throne. He now diſtinguiſh'd the ſoft trilling ſound of the ſlow flowing blood of the trembling Mediator, as it ran from vein to vein. Much louder did he hear in his divine heart the inexpreſſible, the heavenly ſighs which ſwelling with mercy, and with love to man, were more delightful to the Father's ear, than the ſong of all the heavenly hoſt. The ſeraph thus diſcover'd the Saviour's paſſion, and folding his hands, with his eyes lift up to Heaven, roſe into the clouds.

Abbadona ſeeing Gabriel, and a multitude of the heavenly hoſt, with their eyes beaming compaſſion, in expreſſive ſilence, looking down on the Messiah, remain'd aghaſt, and trembling, caſt on him a look of mingled

fear and ſurpriſe. The Saviour now from the enſanguin'd duſt ſlowly rais'd his face, at which redoubled terror encompaſs'd the fallen ſeraph: yet he again recover'd: again gave vent to the new ideas which fill'd his mind. Sometimes he ſuppreſs'd his timorous thoughts, and ſometimes diſturb'd the ſilence of the night by his ſighs and lamentations.

O thou who here ſtruggleſt with death! cry'd he; by what name ſhall I call thee? One form'd of the duſt, a ſon of earth, a ſinner ripe for judgment, ſhudders at the laſt day, and at the opening tomb.—One form'd of the duſt!—Yes, thou art—but methinks a divine luſtre adorns thy human form! Thine eye, from which ſhines innocence, and truth, and love to God and man, beſpeaks thee ſuperior to the grave and to corruption! Thy face is not that of a ſinner!—nor thus looks the wretch rejected of the Most High! Surely thou art more than man! Me-

thinks I here perceive a myſtery deeper than my thoughts can fathom! A bright labyrinth all divine!—Ah! I ſtill diſcover more!—But, who is he?—O fallen ſpirit! turn—turn thine eyes away from him.—A ſudden thought has darted into my aſtoniſh'd mind—A great, a dreadful idea! Alas! an awful reſemblance do I perceive—Fly, fly, ye dread ſurmiſes!—Stream not around me, ye terrors of eternal death—Ah! I perceive a conceal'd reſemblance of the great MESSIAH, who deſcending in his flaming chariot, ruſh'd upon us, arm'd with ten thouſand thunders, and hurling deſtruction, drove us before him, vanquiſh'd and diſmay'd. Then immortality became a curſe; life-eternal, death. Alas! we had before fled from innocence—from every celeſtial joy, the lot of the righteous!—JEHOVAH himſelf had ceas'd to be our father! Once, while hurl'd headlong through the deep abyſs, I turn'd my face, and ſaw him behind me coming

—ſaw the dreadful SON of GOD!—lightning flaſh'd from his eyes!—High he ſtood—his chariot then the ſable ſeat of judgment—under him was darkneſs and death—Him had the FATHER cloath'd with omnipotence!—him, the radiant image of his mercy, had he arm'd with deſtruction! At his thunders, and the force of his avenging arm, Nature ſhudder'd, and all the depths of creation trembled! No more did I ſee him—My eye was loſt in the palpable gloom! Thus confounded, I was carry'd away through ſtorms and thunder—through the howlings of affrighted Nature, deſpairing, tho' immortal!—I ſee him ſtill!—ſtill I ſee him!—his face had ſomething that reſembled that of this man here bow'd in the duſt—this more than man?

Here he paus'd, and continu'd for ſome time as if loſt in thought; then in a low voice cry'd, Ah! is he—is he the SON of the ETERNAL?—the MESSIAH?—the dreadful VICTOR?—but

he ſuffers!—he is ſtruggling with death! — boundleſs is the anguiſh that ſhakes his divine ſoul!—he laments in the duſt! —his ſwelling veins, preſs'd by the anguiſh of his benevolent mind, bedew his face with blood—To me no miſery is ſure unknown, yet I know not how to name his anguiſh. Remote in diſtant gloom I ſee new thoughts big with wonders approach, in mazy labyrinths involv'd. The Son of the great Jehovah, the brightneſs of his Father's glory deſcends from Heaven; aſſumes the human form; preaches repentance; ſuffers for man, and, to give life and immortality to his mortal brethren, dies!—With what awful reverence the angels approach! Even Nature ſeems to obſerve a reverential ſilence, as if her Creator was preſent. Oh, if thou art the dread Messiah, the only begotten of the Father, I ought to fly, leſt ſeeing me trembling at thy feet, thy wrath be kindled, and thou inſtantly ſit in judgment againſt me!—But thou

look'ſt not on me!—Yet to thee my thoughts are not unknown.—May I venture to indulge the ideas which now firſt begin to ariſe in my mind?—Of men art thou the Saviour! and not of the more exalted angels! O gracious Messiah! hadſt thou condeſcended to become a ſeraph; hadſt thou deign'd to enlighten us by thine inſtructions; hadſt thou for us lain extended in the celeſtial plains, as here on earth, and with ſupplicating heart, and hands and eyes lift up to the throne of the Majesty on High, how would I then, O thou divine;—how would I then have embrac'd thee! With what joyful tranſports ſhould I have hail'd my Saviour and my Lord! What rapturous hoſannas ſhould I ſing! With what ecſtaſy ſhould I join the harmony of the harp to my exulting ſtrains!—Ye children of Adam, the favourites of the Most High, may the curſe of everlaſting fire fall on the heads of thoſe who, ungrateful, ſpurn at his offer'd grace,

and on each heart inſenſible to the boundleſs love of your Redeemer! Ye tribes of the redeem'd, that ſhall hereafter reſort to him, ſhould you profane the ſacred blood which drops from that face, may this blood riſe up againſt you, and ye be eſteem'd his cruel murderers!—To you I call, ye apoſtates from grace—to you who, after having taſted of the heavenly gift, ſhall draw back to perdition!—when the dreadful gulph of eternity ſhall firſt lie before you, and ye are fill'd with the tremendous thought, that you, like us, are caſt out from God, the Firſt and the Beſt of Beings!—then will I, looking thro' gloomy tracts of miſery and night, on the new diſtreſſes of your immortal ſouls, cry, Hail torment everlaſting! Hail miſery without end! This ye have choſen for a ſhadow! for this ye have reſign'd everlaſting felicity! let this be your portion, and your reward! Then will I tear myſelf from the iron arms of Hell, and aſcending to

the throne of the exalted Saviour, with a voice that ſhall pervade both Heaven and earth, will I cry, Oh! why doſt thou, Moſt gracious, redeem only the repentant ſinners of the human race, and not the angels! 'Tis true, Hell hates thee—but I, forſaken—I, who feel more noble ſentiments, do not hate thee—Too long—alas! too long, have I, weary of my exiſtence, and of a dreadful immortality, pour'd forth lamentations, and tears of blood! Abbadona having thus given a looſe to his diſturb'd thoughts, aſcended into the air and diſappear'd.

The Messiah now, a ſecond time, aroſe from the duſt, again to behold the face of man; and again the heavenly hoſt rejoic'd and ſang, Paſt is the ſecond hour of the exalted ſufferings of the great Messiah, the Redeemer of Man! Paſt is the hour which to the good brings eternal reſt!

But ſoon the bleſſed Saviour left his ſlumbering diſciples, and went a

third time to proſtrate himſelf before the Sovereign Judge. Around him the ſable curtain of night was ſpread over the heavens, and he was encompaſs'd by the deepeſt gloom. Thus the laſt night before the day of awful retribution, will be cloath'd in the blackeſt veil of darkneſs, haſtily bringing on the coming morn. The loud thunder, and the ſounding trump will then ſoon be heard: ſoon the joining bones, and the buzzing field, teeming with reſurrection. Then from his exalted throne, Jesus, once a mortal, ſhall call the world to judgment.

The Father, now looking down from Tabor, ſaw the agonies of the Messiah. Below, at the foot of the mountain, ſtood Eloa, ſilent; his head was invellopp'd in clouds, and his penſive looks were directed to the earth. The Most High now call'd Eloa, who inſtantly aroſe in ſilence thro' the gloom, and ſtood before God. Then to Eloa, the Eternal ſaid, Thou

haſt ſeen the ſufferings of the Messiah; go ſing to him a triumphant ſong, of all the hoſts of the ſaints, that from his ſufferings and death ſhall be ſanctify'd, and rais'd to immortal life. Heaven ſhall reſound with Hallelujahs, when he ſhall be made their King, and plac'd at my right hand.

Trembling, with loweſt reverence, the ſeraph anſwer'd. But when face to face I behold the great Messiah, diſfigur'd by his bloody ſweat: when I ſee the benignant ſmile that adorn'd his countenance, loſt in the melancholy traces of his inward anguiſh; and in his pleaſing features diſtorted by grief, can but obſcurely diſcern his greatneſs, ſhall not I be ſtruck ſpeechleſs? Will not the ſtrong emotions I ſhall then feel, prevent the harmony of my celeſtial ſong? Shall I not be encompaſs'd by all the Saviour's terrors?

With mild grace, God reply'd, Who rais'd thy flaming courage high above the heavens? From whom hadſt thou

thy triumphant ſong, when my thunders, caſt from the hand of the MESSIAH, purſu'd the chief of the rebel hoſt, and thou thyſelf rode on the wings of the tempeſt? Who ſtrengthen'd thine heart, and enabled thee to ſee the death of the firſt man, and in him the death of all the children of ADAM? Haſte, I myſelf will lead thee, and ſhouldſt thou, at the near view of his ſufferings, tremble, he will teach thee to mingle with thy tremulous accents, the pleaſing ſounds of triumph.

Thus ſpake the ALMIGHTY. The ſeraph went forth, Jordan roar'd, and thunder iſſu'd from Tabor. Slowly he deſcended from the mount of Olives, when dreadful guſts of midnight winds wafted to him the ſuppliant ſounds utter'd by the great MESSIAH, and a ſilent tremor ſeiz'd the aſtoniſh'd ſeraph. But when advancing nearer he obſerv'd his diſtreſsful countenance that ſhew'd his bitter anguiſh, he ſtood depriv'd of all his na-

tive beauty and heavenly ſplendor; and ſeeming no longer an high immortal ſeraph, he reſembled an inhabitant of the earth. Now the Saviour caſt on him a look of dignity, mingled with a gracious ſmile, and with the glance, the ſeraph's immortal beauty and celeſtial radiance return'd, when riſing in a cloud, ſkirted with gold, he thus triumphant ſung:

Thou, Son of the Most High, what grateful rapture does a look from thee inſpire! I am found worthy to contemplate thine awful, thy divine ſenſations, and from afar to view the myſtery of thine agonies, and thy love to man. Ye devout, ye ſacred emotions, continue to tranſport me beyond the limits of my finite ideas; bear me from this gloom to the divine glory.—Hail almighty Father, and thou Son divine!—Thus ſhall the bleſs'd children of the reſurrection feel ſenſations new and ſublime. As from deep amazement the Mediator has awaken'd me, ſo,

ye offspring of Adam, ſhall he awaken you! This joyful tremor, this rapturous exultation ye alſo ſhall feel, when ye, tranſported, riſe to eternal life! Then thou, O holy Saviour of men, who here lieſt proſtrate in the duſt, ſhall ſit on thy throne! and, O tremendous day! ſit in judgment on the world! With what effuſions of joy will thy faithful ſervants behold thee on thy judgment ſeat! With eyes ſparkling with rapture, they will view the radiant marks of thy wounds, the memorials of thy love, imprinted by thy dying on the croſs. Thee, O Jesus! ſhall they celebrate with ceaſeleſs hallelujahs. Then ſhalt thou gather the righteous about thee. They ſhall ſtand in thy preſence, and behold thee as thou art. They ſhall tranſported feel that they are immortal, and ſhall triumph in the glorious thought, that becauſe thou liveſt, they alſo ſhall live, while they ſhall forever poſſeſs thy love, and forever ſhare thy glory!

Thus ſang Eloa, while the divine Redeemer bleſs'd the adoring ſeraph, with a look of grace and benignity: then bow'd towards Heaven in tearful ſilence. Thus the expiring lamb, without blemiſh, and without ſpot, wept, while he lay bleeding on the ſacred altar. The angels, who with downcaſt look had view'd the Redeemer, unable longer to bear the ſight of his anguiſh, withdrew. Gabriel kept his ſtation, but veil'd his face. Eloa alſo remain'd; but wrapt his head in a midnight cloud.

The earth ſtood ſtill. Thrice it ſhook, as if preparing for its diſſolution, and thrice it was reſtrain'd by the Great Jehovah. The Saviour now riſing from the ground, the hoſt of Heaven again ſang in jubilant ſtrains, Paſt is the third hour of his exalted ſufferings: paſt is the hour which to the repentant ſinner brings everlaſting reſt. Thus ſang the heavenly hoſt, while God aſcended to his eternal throne.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The MESSIAH is ſeiz'd and bound. The aſſembled prieſts are fill'd with conſternation at being inform'd that the guard were ſtruck dead. Their fears are removed by the arrival of a ſecond and a third meſſenger. JESUS being taken before ANNAS, PHILO goes thither, and brings him to CAIAPHAS. JOHN expreſſes the agitations of his mind. PORTIA, PILATE's wife, comes to ſee JESUS. The ſpeeches of PHILO and CAIAPHAS, with the evidence given by the ſuborn'd witneſſes. JESUS, on declaring that he is the SON of GOD, is condemn'd. ELOA and GABRIEL diſcourſe on his ſufferings. PORTIA deeply affected withdraws, and prays to the chief of the gods. PETER, in deep diſtreſs, tells JOHN, that he has deny'd his Maſter, then leaves him, and deplores his guilt.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VI.

AS the dying Chriſtian, when approaching death ſhakes each relaxing nerve, prizes the ſolemn moments more than he eſteem'd whole days before; for then his ALMIGHTY FATHER claims his laſt obedience the laſt ſtruggles of his virtue, which flowing from a heart now freed from groveling paſſions, riſes towards the SOURCE OF PERFECTION; the ſoul then plumes her wings, and ſoars on high, numbering the ſacred minutes by fervent prayer; while the all-ſeeing GOD looks down propitious, and angels prepare the immortal crown: ſo the hours of the great, the

myſtic Sabbath became more ſolemn, as the gracious, the divine REDEEMER haſted to bleed and die. ELOA, rapt in the contemplation of the great MESSIAH's diſtreſs, and the importance of this ſacred time, ſoon unveil'd his face to GABRIEL, and thus addreſs'd his celeſtial friend.

Didſt thou ſee his ſufferings?—Didſt thou behold the anguiſh of his great and benevolent mind? My admiration and ſurpriſe, no words in our celeſtial language can expreſs!—Alas! what has he ſtill to ſuffer!—On every moment ſeems to hang an eternity!

Thouſands of years, anſwer'd GABRIEL, have elaps'd ſince firſt I ſtrove to learn the future wonders of his love—to obtain ſome knowledge, though obſcure, of the MESSIAH's promis'd grace to man. Yet how have I err'd? Oh let us admire in ſilence. We are encompaſs'd by an holy labyrinth of wonders. This place is fill'd with ſepulchres: yet the angels will one day

awake theſe dead, meanwhile ſoft be their ſlumbers. Then Jesus—But ah behold! Who is he that advances with geſture wild, and with uplifted lights, encompaſs'd! A rebel ſent from the deep abyſs of Hell!—What a baſe multitude! He who equally created the grains of ſand, and the flaming ſuns—who equally reigns over the worm and the ſeraph, knows their inmoſt thoughts, and is fully acquainted with all their vile deſigns!—and their leader, their leader, O Eloa! ſhall not walk thus, when the laſt trump ſhall call forth the duſt from thoſe hills which cover them from the Judge! Thou, ungrateful traitor, wilt not thus elated walk.

Now the raging multitude advanc'd, waving their torches, and roving with prying eyes, thro' the mazy groves, and the dark obſcure. The Great Messiah beheld the traitor, and now the night in blackeſt clouds hung over him, ſpreading terror all around. Damp

horror ſeiz'd the mind of the perfidious Judas; but defying the powerful admonition, and arming himſelf againſt the voice of conſcience, he ſoftly cry'd, Where is he? His favourites ſaw him —they ſaw him on Mount Tabor, array'd in celeſtial ſplendor; but they have not yet ſeen him in bonds! This they ſhall now ſee, and forget to build themſelves tabernacles of joy!—Yet, O my coward heart, thou trembleſt! Can the coolneſs and gloom of the night ſhake the courage of a man? Peace, thou fluttering, trembling diſturber! All will ſoon be over! Then will I build a leſs viſionary tabernacle. Thus he ſpake to himſelf, and haſted forward.

The Saviour ſeeing them approach, ſaid to himſelf, Far—very far are the eternal manſions from this abode of ſinners. The way I walk leads to the grave, yet will I walk in it. At length it will ſhine refulgent, when here I ſhall bid the dead ariſe, and the judgment ſeat ſhall be reveal'd.

Judas Iscariot led the band. The prieſts had commanded that he ſhould take armed men and ſeek for Jesus among the ſepulchres. Theſe were order'd to bind him, and to bring him before the council. Judas knew the place of ſolemn prayer, the ſolitary receſs where, during the ſilence of the night the great Emanuel us'd to pour out his ſoul to the Most High, in fervent ſupplications for man. The ungrateful traitor had ſaid to the band, Whomſoever I kiſs, is he: take him, and lead him away. But ſtill the night had mercy on that perfidious diſciple, and delay'd his giving the inſidious kiſs. Yet ſoon the band with impotent fury attack'd the ſleeping diſciples; when the Redeemer, moving towards the brutal ſinners, with awful dignity, ſaid, Whom ſeek ye? With rage and tumult, waving their flaming lights, they cry'd, Jesus the Nazarene. Now were come the other diſciples; and now the angels who had retir'd, again came,

and fix'd their eyes on the Messiah, who, with that divine compoſure, with which he had commanded the agitated waves to be ſtill, anſwer'd, I am he. Struck by his voice, they all fell ſpeechleſs at his feet, and with them Judas. Thus lie in the martial field the dead. Thus ſtretch'd among the ſlain lie the moſt furious warriors, when the ſedate chief, from the quiet centre of the battle, ſends around him deſtruction. But at length they awoke from their trance, and the traitor alſo aroſe from the earth. Over him hover'd the angel of death, and he ſeem'd on the point of being call'd to judgment; but concealing the horrors of his mind, and the rancour of his heart, with an affected air of ſerene friendſhip, he went up to the holy Jesus, and crying, Hail Master! ſaluted him. Now had he fill'd up the meaſure of his guilt, and by the baſeſt and moſt impious action, had, like an infernal ſpirit, open'd a way to the deep abyſs of terror and diſ-

may. Yet the meek, the humble, the divine Jesus, fill'd with compaſſion, look'd up to the traitor with an eye of pity, ſaying, Ah Judas! betrayeſt thou the Son of Man with a kiſs! Ah unhappy Judas! wherefore art thou come? Then gently reſign'd himſelf up to the multitude.

Peter no ſooner beheld this, than his paſſions being enflam'd, he, with eager impatience, broke through the diſciples; drew his ſword, and ruſhing, with an intrepid countenance, on the multitude, ſtruck at the ſervant of the high-prieſt, and cut off his ear. But the gracious Friend of mankind, ſmiling benignant, inſtantly heal'd the wound, and then looking on Peter, check'd his ardour, ſaying, O my diſciple! put up thy ſword, and be at peace. Know'ſt thou not, that were I to pray for help to my Father, he would ſend me from Heaven legions of mighty angels? but how then would the Scripture be fulfill'd? Then turn-

ing to the multitude, who rudely bound him, he cry'd, Are ye come out as againſt a thief with ſwords and ſtaves to ſeize me; as againſt a vile malefactor, who had eſcap'd from the hands of Juſtice? Were not I daily with you teaching in the temple? To you have I taught the way of life: you have I inſtructed to ſhun the path of death and of deſtruction: Ye then laid not your hands upon me. But this is your hour for accompliſhing this work of darkneſs. Here he ceas'd, and now was come to the brook of Cedron.

In the mean time the council of the prieſts and elders aſſembled in the ſtately palace of CAIAPHAS, and there remain'd agitated on the waves of fluctuating hope. From the inward hall aroſe their anxious murmurs, which deſcending down the marble baluſtrade, ſtruck with motionleſs aſtoniſhment the greedy ears of the alarm'd populace, who trembling bleſs'd, or ſtamping vented their maledictions. The prieſts now grow-

ing impatient, ſaid to each other, None of our meſſengers is return'd. What can detain them? What means this delay? He who has betray'd his maſter, has, perhaps, alſo betray'd us. Or, the Nazarene, according to his frequent practice, has, by ſome illuſion, eſcap'd.

Thus were they diſcourſing, impatient and perplex'd by various apprehenſions, when one of their meſſengers haſtily enter'd the hall. His hair ſtood erect; and a cold ſweat bedew'd his pallid countenance, which was diſtorted by fear and terror. For ſome time he ſtood ſpeechleſs, while all beheld him with looks of aſtoniſhment; but at length recovering, he cry'd in a trembling voice, Moſt reverend prieſts and rabbies, we went according to your orders, and at laſt found Jesus of Nazareth beyond the brook, not far from the ſepulchres. The ſepulchres fill'd with horror did not affright us: but the ſky was hung with blacker clouds than ever the eyes of man beheld! Yet the

band march'd forward, while I ſtood at a diſtance. Soon I ſaw the prophet. Then was I ſeiz'd—I know not how it was;—but then was I ſeiz'd with a ſhivering, that ſhook my whole frame! —Yet tho' they ſtood ſo near, they did not know him; but ruſh'd on thoſe that were about him. He then cry'd with a firm voice, Whom do ye ſeek? Our men, ſtill undaunted, call'd out Jesus the Nazarene. Then—methinks I hear him ſtill!—All my joints tremble!—He anſwer'd, as with the voice of Death, I am he! No ſooner had he ſpoke the words, than they all fell on their faces!—They now lie dead, and I only have eſcap'd to bring the news of their death!

The prieſts at hearing theſe dreadful words, chang'd colour, and remain'd as motionleſs as the rocks. Philo, the harden'd Philo, was alone able to ſpeak, and his rage overcoming his fear, he cry'd with a furious voice, Thou, wretch, art either one of his diſciples,

or art affrighted by the phantoms of the night. The open ſepulchres made thee giddy, and fill'd thee with the thoughts of death. Fancy repreſented to thee the dead. The men we ſent live; they would not fall down at a word.

While he yet ſpake, another meſſenger enter'd, and cry'd, Ye holy prieſts and fathers, much have we ſuffer'd. Before him have we ſunk to the earth: for his look was dreadful, and death was in the words of his mouth. But yet we have taken and bound him. He himſelf held out his hands and ſuffer'd us to bind them. We took him, trembling, leſt we ſhould again hear the powerful, the fatal words. But now he comes along, with ſilent patience, and has already enter'd the walls of Jeruſalem.

Scarce had he finiſh'd, when a third meſſenger enter'd, whoſe looks of joy ſhew'd that he brought welcome tydings to the enemies of heavenly grace and ſpotleſs virtue. Bowing he ſpoke, and,

in glad accents cry'd, Bleſſed be you, ye prieſts of the living God, and ye venerable fathers! may all who riſe againſt you, and all the enemies of the Lord, be deſtroy'd like this Galilean! We are bringing him bound with bonds, which neither his words nor ſmiling countenance will be able to unlooſe. All his followers have left him, and he is now near the palace. May God give you his blood!

He had no ſooner concluded, than Satan enter'd the aſſembly, and with him an infernal joy that faſcinated the prieſts, cauſing to hover before their eyes the appearance of the ſtreaming blood of the Lord of Life, his paleneſs and approaching death; while the voice of his torments flow'd to their ears. They then imagin'd his lips clos'd in everlaſting ſilence, while over his bones paſs'd the feet of the ſaints. Long did they remain under this delirium: but Jesus not appearing, their fears and rage at length return'd. They then

ſent other meſſengers, and with them went Philo.

The guard had ſtopp'd by the way, and taken Jesus to Annas, one of the chief prieſts; for, while the heavy vapours of the night were falling, the hoary prieſt had left his bed to ſee the man who, he imagin'd, had ſpread confuſion through Judea. John follow'd at a diſtance. Genial ſleep had now fled from his eyes, and melancholy ſat on his faded cheek. At length, recollecting that this prieſt was void of that rancour which corroded the heart of Caiaphas, he overcame his timorous dejection, and entering the hall, ſaw his beloved Lord ſtanding as a criminal before Annas, who thus ſpake:

Thou art to be try'd by Caiaphas. If thou art innocent, as the great works thou haſt done have ſpread abroad thy fame, not only the nations of the earth, but the God of Abraham, and his children, will bleſs thee! Say then, what haſt thou taught? Who were

thy diſciples? Didſt thou teach the laws of Moses?—Didſt thou—did thy diſciples obſerve them?

Annas now paus'd; he wonder'd at the prophet-like mien with which Jesus ſtood before him! and admir'd his compos'd dignity, undebas'd by pride. The Saviour condeſcended thus to anſwer. Freely I taught in the ſynagogues and in the temple; whither the Jews always reſort. Why then aſkeſt thou me? aſk them who heard me.

While he thus ſpake, Philo ruſh'd in. The aſſembly was inſtantly in a tumult. Then an officer who had the ſoul of a ſlave, committed againſt the gracious Saviour, an action of ſuch mean inhumanity, that it was thought worthy of being foretold by the prophets. Philo, with imperious voice, now cry'd, Away with this ſeditious fellow, that he may receive ſentence of death; on which the guard of the bleſs'd Redeemer again ſeiz'd him, and, unreſiſted, took him thence.

John no ſooner ſaw the Messiah in Philo's power, than his face became overſpread with a mortal paleneſs; his eyes were dim'd; he trembled, and grief took poſſeſſion of his heart. At laſt, with unſteady ſtep, leaving the palace, he beheld, at a diſtance, the moving torches. I will follow—No—I dare not now follow thee, cry'd he; yet I entreat thee, O thou beſt of men! that if God has decreed that they ſhall be ſuffer'd to put thee to death, I who have lov'd thee, and ſtill love thee, with an affection that exceeds that of a brother, may be permitted to die with thee! that I may not ſee thee ſtruggling in the agonies of death, nor hear the laſt—laſt bleſſing proceed from thy faltering lips!—Is there no deliverer?—no deliverer upon earth?—none in Heaven? Do ye too ſleep, ye angels, who ſang, when his exulting mother brought him forth? Alas! when your hoſannas reſounded in her ears, little did ſhe think of his terrible death!—There is no

other deliverer, but thee alone, O God! the deliverer of the living and the dead! O thou omnipotent Father of mankind, have mercy on me, and let him not die!—Let not him die, who is the moſt holy of all the children of Adam! —O thou Source of Mercy! give theſe murderers—theſe cruel murderers, a heart! fill their ſouls with the gentle feelings of humanity!—Ah! I no longer ſee him! the moving lights diſappear!—Now—now—they ſentence him to die!—May their cruel ſouls melt, O Jesus, at beholding thy ſuffering virtue!—But who is this roving in the dark? Is it not Peter? He has, perhaps, heard our dear Master condemn'd to ſuffer death.—How haſtily he walks!—Now he ſtands ſtill—I no longer hear his footſteps.—How ſolitary is this place!—How ſilent this dreadful night!--Ah! this ſilence is fled.—What tumultuous noiſe is that?--Perhaps they are haſtily under the covert of the night dragging him to death, leſt the compaſ-

ſion of the people ſhould deliver him —leſt the melting ſtones, or their weeping ſwords ſhould ſee his death; and that the angels alone may behold his blood!—Ah! have pity—have pity on him—Have pity on me! and, O thou Father of Mercies, who haſt compaſſion on all thy works, let him not die!

Thus, in broken ſentences, intermix'd with ſighs, he, weeping, gave vent to his thoughts, while he ſlowly mov'd to the high prieſt's palace, and there continu'd ſtanding without in the dark.

Philo, the furious leader of the brutal troop that guarded Jesus, haſted before them to the council, where they perceiv'd by his triumphant look, his lofty deportment, and flaming eyes, that he who had heal'd the ſick, and rais'd the dead, was ſafe in cuſtody, and near the palace. Before they had time to applaud Philo's active zeal, the Messiah was brought in; and

ſeeing him entering, they trembled with mingled rage and joy. With a ſerene countenance he aſcended the ſteps, and ſtood before the judgment ſeat. All dignity, even the dignity of a mortal prophet, had he now laid aſide, and appear'd as tranquil as if only viewing the fall of ſome murmuring ſtream; or, as if his mind, after being long elevated with the ſublimity of divine converſe, was now relax'd, while he indulg'd a ſhort interval of pleaſing and familiar contemplations. He retain'd only ſome traces of his heaven-born excellence; but theſe were ſuch as no angel could aſſume; and none but thoſe celeſtial ſpirits fully diſcover. Philo and Caiaphas, fill'd with rancour, had their eyes rivetted to the floor. The ſeat of judgment gave the latter the privilege of ſpeaking firſt, and the former, from pride, envy, and jealouſy, was ready to aſſume the ſame privilege: yet both continu'd ſilent.

On the ſide of the palace, where a few lonely lamps preſented a dim light, was a circular ſtaircaſe, that led to the upper part of the judgment hall; there, leaning on a marble baluſtrade, PORTIA, the wife of PILATE, ſtood among the women, in the bloom of beauty. Her perſon alone was young, for her mind was adorn'd with the wiſdom of riper age. In her the fair bloſſoms blow'd, and produc'd fruit, as in the mother of the GRACCHI, to enrich the degenerate Romans. Prompted by the deſire of ſeeing the great prophet, PORTIA had haſted thither, with a few attendants; for the oſtentation of grandeur, and every idea of ſuperiority, ſhe had laid aſide. Eternal Providence had directed her ſteps; and while the rancorous hatred of the prieſts fill'd her gentle mind with all the vehemence of indignation; ſhe, with admiration and earneſt ſolicitude, ſaw the benevolent JESUS ſtand, with calm compoſure, before his perſecutors. With different paſſions was he

view'd by Philo, and thus ſpake the hypocrite:

Bring him nearer, and bind him faſter. But before we begin his trial, let us lift up holy hands to God, and praiſe him, for having, at length pronounc'd his ſentence, and his no longer proving us, by keeping ſilence. Here he lift up his hands, and added; O Jehovah! hear the prayer of thy people. Thus may all periſh who riſe up againſt thee; may their name, and the place of their abode be forgotten! May they never be remember'd, except where the bones of the dead lie ſcatter'd, and where the hills have drank the blood of thoſe who rebel againſt thee! Yes, we will praiſe thee! we will praiſe thee! we will encompaſs thine altars, rejoicing, and Iſrael ſhall be a ſong of triumph! The ſinner ſhall bleed; for hitherto Judah hath ſhut his eyes, and yet did ſee: hath ſtopp'd his ears, and yet did hear: but at length the wild illuſion is vaniſh'd; and we behold him bound who

pretended to have been before Abraham. Often, indeed, have the people with manly reſolution, pluck'd off the galling ſhackles of error, and taken up ſtones to ſlay the Blaſphemer! Yet again they ſuffer'd themſelves to be deceiv'd.—But, O thou Impoſtor! this day is the period of their blindneſs, and of thy deceit! Tho' the people here preſent are but few in number, yet among theſe, many will, at our call, witneſs againſt thee. The high prieſt will ſummon them forth. Meanwhile I charge thee, and call all Judea to witneſs the truth of the accuſation—I charge thee with blaſphemy and ſedition. Thou who haſt cry'd in a manger, haſt made thyſelf a God: haſt pretended to forgive ſins, and to raiſe the dead: but thy mother and thy kindred ſhall ſoon ſee thee expire. Then awake thyſelf! Thou ſhalt not enjoy ſuch ſoft ſlumbers as thoſe thou haſt rais'd. Thou ſhalt lie down with the ſlain, whom God has rejected. There ſleep—there

ſeel the iron ſleep of death, where the revolving ſun, and the wandering moon ſhall drink up corrupted fumes, till Death is ſatiated, and Golgotha becomes white with human bones. Thus—thus may'ſt thou lie, and if there be a greater, a more horrid curſe, ſtreaming with ſeven-fold imprecations, which midnight hears, and the howling graves join in uttering, may it alight. — Here the bloated lips of the Blaſphemer were inſtantly ſtiffen'd, and his diſtorted viſage overſpread with the paleneſs of death. In the moment when he began to denounce his dreadful curſes, his conſcience, in vain, ſmote him, for having no fear of the Almighty; and now an angel of death, inviſible to all beſides, with a look of terror, ſtood before him, and thus addreſs'd the harden'd ſinner.

The curſes that proceed from thy mouth, O thou moſt execrable hypocrite! ſhall fall on thyſelf. The dark, the bloody hour of thy diſſolution approaches with rapid wing. Soon will it

come, O thou moſt flagitious hypocrite! Soon wilt thou ſuffer a death as dreadful as ever mortal dy'd, without the leaſt mercy, the leaſt token of relenting favour from thy CREATOR and thy JUDGE. When midnight ſurrounds thee, when Death walks in the blackeſt gloom, when the king of terrors has ſtruck the important blow, and thy ſtruggling ſpirit, fill'd with horror, takes its flight; then, in the valley of Benhinnon, ſhalt thou ſee my face.

Thus ſpake the angel of death, in whoſe lowring front were gather'd clouds of wrath. From his lofty glaring eye flaſh'd revenge. He ſtood like a towering rock, and, on his ſhoulders fell his hair, like the ſable locks of night. Yet did not the deſtroyer ſmite him: he only encompaſs'd him with his terrors, and made the accents of death roar around him. PHILO, as much as mortal can, experienc'd the horrors of the damn'd; horrors ruſhing upon his ſoul with inſtantaneous and

overwhelming rapidity. He was ſtruck with ſad diſmay: his ſtrength fail'd him: he was viſibly ſeiz'd with an univerſal trembling. Still the terrors of God ran through the very marrow in his bones: but as a worm, cruſh'd by the foot of the paſſenger, curls writhing upwards its convuls'd frame, and rears aloft its head: thus, with diſtorted efforts, he at length, after a long pauſe, ſtruggling ſtrove to proceed; but only added, What I, overpower'd by the offender's guilt, cover with ſilence, the iſſue will unfold. Thou high prieſt make haſte to try him. He ceas'd, ſtiffen'd by fear, and unable farther to vent his rage.

The ſilence now grew more ſilent. Portia was greatly affected at beholding the Prophet ſtand ſerene at the impious, the inhuman ſpeech of his inveterate foe; her eye beam'd with pity, her heart beat with redoubled ſtrength, and ſublime ideas fill'd her mind. Her eager looks now rang'd over the whole aſſembly, to ſee if ſhe could find no ge-

nerous and noble ſoul, who, like her, admir'd the Prophet. But ſhe ſought in vain, goodneſs of heart was not to be found among a people ripe for deſtruction, who were ſoon to ſee in flaming ruins their boaſted temple, where Jehovah now no longer dwelt. One, however, ſhe obſerv'd warming himſelf at a fire in the outer room with the crowd, who with fierce looks ſeem'd to reproach him; when turning pale, he with confuſion look'd wildly round, and then fix'd his eyes on Jesus. Ah! ſaid ſhe to herſelf, that is ſurely the Prophet's friend, he wiſhes his deliverance: he, perhaps, ſeeks to deliver him, and fain would he teach the rude populace to walk in the fair path mark'd out by this wiſe man; like him to live a life of ſobriety and the pureſt virtue; like him to be the tender friend of the human race, and, without oſtentation, to delight in doing good. But they, void of underſtanding, threaten to drag him alſo before the prieſts and elders.

This ſtrikes him with terror: he trembles, and wanting the firmneſs of this good Prophet, ſhrinks at the menaces of death. Perhaps the afflicted mother of the much injur'd Jesus, ſuffus'd in tears, beſought him to go and ſave from death the deareſt, the beſt of Sons. Oh, with what pain, with what agony of grief would his amiable, his bleſſed mother have been fill'd, had ſhe been here, and heard the rancorous ſpeech of that odious Phariſee!—But why—oh why do I feel this deep concern?—Why is my heart fill'd with theſe ſtrange emotions for a man whoſe perſon I never before have ſeen, tho' often have I heard of his virtues? Do I wiſh to have brought forth one who has ſo noble a mind, and to have given him as a bleſſing to the world?—O thou mother!—thou happy mother! pride thyſelf in him, and may thy life flow ſerene!—May thine eye not ſee him expire! Yet his death will afford an inſtructive leſſon to the world;

Now the high-prieſt, riſing from his ſeat, cry'd, Tho' all Judea feels the burthen which the man before us has laid on every ſhoulder, and the whole world too well knows that he has impiouſly rebell'd againſt the Great Jehovah, who has diſplay'd his terrors on Mount Moriah! that he has rebell'd againſt the prieſts of the Most High God; and againſt the great Cæsar: though not Caiaphas alone, but all Judea, demand that ſentence ſhould be paſs'd againſt him, and that death ſhould ſtrike the blow, yet will we examine witneſſes, and hear his defence. 'Tis true, Iſrael is not now aſſembled, and moſt of the witneſſes are involv'd in the ſhades of night — O ye devout people who now ſleep, ſoon will ye awake to purer feſtivals than thoſe in which the traitor join'd! — for among the few who are here, witneſſes will not be wanting. Let him who works righteouſneſs and loves his country, ſtand forth, and declare the truth.

Thus ſpake the high prieſt. Then came forth witneſſes falſe and corrupt. They had receiv'd the hire of iniquity, and PHILO, with moſt induſtrious care and ſuperior zeal, had buſily employ'd himſelf in filling their narrow grovelling minds with calumny and the baſeſt malice. One with an inflam'd look, leering on the MESSIAH, cry'd:

How he profan'd the temple we all know: but in no inſtance did he violate that ſacred place with greater impiety, than when he drove away thoſe worthy perſons, the dealers in offerings. We were aſſembled to pray, when coming with fury he turn'd the ſellers of the beaſts for the ſacrifices, out of the holy portico. What veneration can he have for the ETERNAL, who was guilty of ſuch violence in his temple, as to drive away the offerings by which GOD is honour'd?

After him appear'd another, who with equal folly and malice miſrepreſented the divine zeal of the bleſſed

Jesus: falsely adding, that he would have taken possession of the temple, and from thence have fallen on Jerusalem; but that his followers, who, with repeated shouts, had in the wilderness hail'd him king, here prov'd false, and oblig'd him to fly.

Then arose a Levite, who with a contemptuous air, cry'd, Has he not blasphem'd the Most High by his enormous pride, in pretending that he had the power to forgive sins? On the holy Sabbath, he conniv'd at his disciples, when they, regardless of the sacred day, pluck'd ears of standing corn! On the holy Sabbath too he restor'd the wither'd hand! and yet this profane offender, who thus breaks the commandments deliver'd by the Most High to Moses on mount Sinai, pretends to forgive sins.

Now spake the fourth. With a contemptuous smile he arose, and in the voice of ridicule, said, I too must give witness: but what need is there, O

fathers, of witneſs againſt one who, giddy with his vain enterprizes, builds on the moſt romantic dreams? He has ſaid, and people no wiſer than himſelf ſtar'd and wonder'd.—He has ſaid, I ſay, that he would deſtroy the temple, and within three days a new one ſhould ariſe from the duſt, built by himſelf. This before me, he preſum'd to utter.

A man whoſe hair was whiten'd by time, then diſgrac'd his hoary locks by his puerile ſentiments. This ſinner, ſaid he keeps company with publicans. I myſelf was one of that number, and maintain, that from them he has learnt to deſpiſe Moses, and to heal diſeaſes on the Sabbath.

Thus they witneſs'd, while looks of expectation were darted on all ſides on Jesus, each impatient to hear his defence. So around the dying Chriſtian, whoſe mind is fill'd with rapturous hopes and dawning joys, ſtands a crowd of baſe mockers whiſpering, The animating dream of immortal life will,

like himſelf, ſoon diſappear. Yet ſtill he enjoys the reviving proſpect of endleſs bliſs; prays for himſelf and for them, and ſmiles at the grave. Thus the expecting crowd gaz'd on JESUS. But ſilent was the PRINCE OF PEACE. On which CAIAPHAS, prompted by impetuous rage, cry'd:

Thou ſinner, hear'ſt thou in ſilence what theſe witneſs againſt thee? But the MESSIAH ſtill continu'd to hold his peace; on which the haughty pontiff, ſtill more exaſperated, raiſing his voice, cry'd. Speak; I conjure thee by the living GOD, to anſwer, whether thou be CHRIST, the only begotten SON of the FATHER? JESUS reply'd, Thou haſt ſaid it. CAIAPHAS now ſtood erect: his eyes flaming deſtruction. SATAN join'd in the ſame look, while ABADDON, the angel of death, who attended PHILO, thus indulg'd his rapid thoughts:

Were he to eſteem theſe murderers worthy of an anſwer, it would be that of mercy. But the anger of the MOST HIGH is kindled, and the wicked and

impenitent will be reſerv'd for judgment. The laſt day will at length arrive. Thou great and terrible day of the Lord, will ariſe in all thy dreadful luſtre; then will I ſalute thee, thou day of retribution, as the faireſt of all the ſons of Eternity; for then the balance of Juſtice ſhall be held forth, and every man be judg'd according to his works. I will hail thee, O feſtive day! when the righteous ſhall triumph, and with palms in their hands ſhall encompaſs the now perſecuted and inſulted Messiah; while theſe earth-born rebels againſt the Eternal will be involv'd in woe, and caſt from the preſence of the Lord, and the glory of his power. I will therefore veil myſelf, and be ſilent: but my ſilence is death! my ceaſing to ſpeak, the meſſage of the Avenger!

In an inſtant theſe thoughts paſs'd thro' the angel's mind. He then fix'd his eyes on Caiaphas, who had condemn'd the Messiah before he ſpake. Mean while the Saviour lift up his eyes to

Heaven, and then fixing them on the high-prieſt's face, cry'd, I ſay unto thee, hereafter ye ſhall ſee the SON OF MAN ſitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven.

Thus ſhall JESUS open the laſt day, when he ſhall come in tremendous glory, deſcending amidſt the ſongs of angels, and their ſounding harps. Here the SAVIOUR open'd a ſudden view of futurity, and with no leſs rapidity, from the amaz'd eye, clos'd the tremendous ſcene.

CAIAPHAS now, impell'd by a torrent of rage, obſerv'd no meaſures, but ſtepping forth impetuous, with death lowring on his brow, rent his garment, and rolling his fiery eyes, call'd out to the mute aſſembly, Speak, ye have heard his blaſphemies! What need have we of farther witneſſes? You have heard what he ſays. Speak; What think ye? Then all cry'd out, Let him die! Let him die!—Yes, let him die! rejoin'd PHILO, ſwelling with rage; I muſt give vent to the fulneſs of my heart: Let him die the accurſed death of the croſs! a hard and

lingering death! Let his mouldering bones receive no ſepulture! Let his corpſe putrify in the parching ſun! and on the day when God ſhall call forth the dead, may he continue deaf, and not hear the voice divine. Here he ceas'd, and the multitude in wild confuſion, ruſh'd on the holy Jesus. ——

O ſacred muſe of Sion's hill! lend me the veil with which thou covereſt thy face, when ſinging thy oriſons before the Eternal: that I like the bleſſed ſpirits on high, with humble reverence, may cover mine eyes, adoring. Gabriel and Eloa now ſtanding apart and unſeen, thus diſcours'd:

O Eloa, how deep are the myſteries of the Most High! How inſcrutable are his ways! Nothing have I ſeen that equals the deep humiliation of the Son —of him who ſhone with ſuch reſplendent glory!—of him who on high ſubdu'd the rebel hoſt!—of him before whom the bodies of the dead, ſhaken by his creative voice, ſhall, at his call, awake, and the earth ſuffer, as in the throws

of child-birth, when he, attended by the loud reſounding trump, the angels of death, and the falling ſtars, ſhall come to judgment.

Behold, cry'd Eloa, at the formation of this terreſtrial globe, he ſpake, and the light diffus'd abroad its enlivening rays. A ſtorm, replete with animating life, ruſh'd before him; and a thouſand times a thouſand living beings aſſembled on his right hand. At his command the ſun, glowing with invigorating and reviving light, turn'd on his center. Then aroſe the harmony of the ſpheres! then he created the viſible heavens!

Behold, at his command, reply'd Gabriel, eternal night fled and ſkulk'd at a diſtance from the wide creation! Eloa, thou waſt by when he ſtood over the dark abyſs: when at his call appear'd an enormous maſs inert and deform'd: it ſpread before him like broken ſuns, or the ruins of an hundred worlds. He bid it glow, and then thro' the regions of death aroſe the blue ſulphureous blaze! Then was torture known; then did the yells of an-

guiſh reverberate through the deep profound.

Thus diſcours'd theſe great celeſtial ſpirits. Mean while PORTIA, unable longer to bear the inſults offer'd to the divine JESUS, went up to the top of the palace; where, having for ſome time ſilently indulg'd her tears, ſhe lift up her watry eyes, and her fair hands towards the lowring ſky, and thus gave vent to the painful ſenſations of her troubled mind: O thou Firſt of Beings, who createdſt the world from chaos, and gaveſt to man a heart form'd to feel the mild ſenſations of humanity! whatever be thy name, GOD! JUPITER! or JEHOVAH! the GOD of ROMULUS, or of ABRAHAM!—O thou FATHER and JUDGE of all, may I preſume to pour out my lamentations before thee! What offence has this peaceable, this righteous man committed, that he ſhould be inhumanly put to death? Doſt thou, with delight look down from high Olympus on ſuffering virtue? To man indeed it affords an awful ad-

miration, a wonder mix'd with terror: but canſt thou who haſt form'd the ſtars, be fill'd with wonder? No—in thee amazement has no place? More ſublime are the ſenſations of the God of gods! Surely thy divine eyes cannot, without pity, behold the guiltleſs ſufferer? nor wilt thou fail to reward him, who, thus calmly reſign'd, offers up himſelf a ſacrifice to virtue, and to thee! as for me, compaſſion flows down my cheeks. But thou, where there is no trembling tear, canſt diſcern the hidden anguiſh of ſuffering virtue. O thou Father of gods and men, reward, and behold, if poſſible, this righteous man with admiration!

As ſhe now ſtoop'd over the baluſtrade that encompaſs'd the flat roof of the palace, ſhe heard below, mournful accents, that ſeem'd to proceed from a perſon in deſpair. Theſe ſounds of grief were utter'd by Peter. John who had continu'd ſtanding at the door, hearing Peter's groans, and the plaintive broken accents that burſt from him,

with tender pity cry'd, Ah! Peter, is he yet living? Thou weep'ſt!—thou art ſilent!—John! return'd Peter, leave me—leave me to die alone!—I cannot ſurvive my guilt! Our gracious Maſter is loſt! But more loſt am I!—O Judas! Judas! thou execrable diſciple, haſt betray'd him!—I too have been falſe; before all who have aſk'd me, I, miſerable that I am, have deny'd him! Curſe me, John, then go, and leave me to die in ſilence. Do thou—do thou alſo die—Jesus is ſentenc'd to ſuffer death; and I like a baſe, a puſillanimous, a daſtardly wretch, have publickly before ſinners, deny'd him!

Thus Peter, in the agony of his grief, confeſs'd his guilt to John, who, ſtruck with ſurpriſe and concern, continu'd ſilent. The repentant diſciple then haſted from him, and ſtood in the dark, by the dew beſprinkled corner ſtone of that ſpacious building, againſt which faintly leaning, he ſunk down, and declining upon it his drooping head, long wept in ſilence. But at laſt in bro-

ken ſentences, thus expreſs'd the emotions of his agitated mind. O Death! let thy hideous form now forever ceaſe to affright me!—Turn, O Jesus! turn away that tender, that killing look!—Ah! I, ungrateful! have committed the foulest, the blackest deed! I, like a baſe coward, have deny'd thee, my Friend! my gracious Master!—thee whom I lov'd—thee who lovedſt me with an affection ſuperior to that of the kindeſt friend!—thee whoſe godlike virtues, whoſe benevolence, whoſe piety, more than thy miracles, render thee all divine! O my grovelling timorous ſoul, what haſt thou done!—in the great day of retribution, my dear Lord will diſown me!—diſown me before his faithful diſciples, and all the holy angels!—This—this I deſerve. Yet, O Jesus, whom I ſtill love! compaſſionate my anguiſh, and let me not hear the dreadful words, Depart from me, I know thee not!—O horrid—horrid thought! Alas! alas! what have I done? The more I think of my crime,

the deeper I feel its envenom'd ſting! Thus with conſcious ſhame, and deep remorſe, ſhall I languiſh out my wretched life, and lingering die!

Here he ceas'd, and ſilent indulg'd his tears. Near him ſtood ORION, his guardian angel, who with ſoft pity, and ſeraphic joy, obſerv'd his penitential ſorrow. PETER now falling on his bended knees, caſt up his tearful eyes towards Heaven, and, in a low voice cry'd, Thou awful JUDGE SUPREME, the FATHER of men and angels, and of my LORD, thy bleſſed SON! Oh pity —pity my diſtreſs! Thou know'ſt the anguiſh of this contrite heart! I have deny'd — baſely deny'd JESUS, my LORD! my gracious MASTER! and my FRIEND! Yet extend thy mercy to me, ungrateful! Forgive, forgive this ſoul, ſo daſtardly, and ſo vile. He will die! Unworthy am I to die with my dear LORD—But before he bows his head to the grave—before he gives his laſt bleſſing to his faithful diſciples, may I once more ſee him caſt a gracious look on

me, and may his dying eyes chear me with forgiveneſs! To thee, O Jesus! would I then ſue for pardon, and not for a bleſſing. I would entreat thee to let me hear from thy lips that thou forgiveſt me: for my guilt will not permit me to ſay, My Lord, haſt thou but one bleſſing, and that confin'd to theſe thy righteous, thy faithful diſciples!—Then if by my tears, my humble ſorrow, my deep contrition, I prevail on thee to let me hear that I have obtain'd forgiveneſs, I will go, and before the whole world acknowledge thee as my Lord—While it is thy will, O my adorable Creator, that I ſhould live among men, it ſhall be my ſweeteſt employment to ſeek out the good, the pious, the pure of heart, to whom, with inceſſant grief and tears, will I ſay, Yes, I knew Jesus, the moſt holy, the deareſt, the beſt of men, the Son of the Most High God! Yet was I unworthy to know him!—I was one of his choſen diſciples!—He lov'd us all—he lov'd me—yet I, unworthy,

did not return his love! for in the hour of his diſtreſs, my courage fail'd, and I no longer lov'd the moſt holy of men, the beſt, the moſt divine! His kind, his generous heart overflow'd with benevolence; he liv'd for others, and not to himſelf. He fed the poor: he heal'd the ſick: he rais'd the dead to life. Hence he was hated!—hence he was murder'd by wretches dead to humanity! I will teach you the words of wiſdom that fell from his gracious lips. But firſt, ariſe, ye men, and come away, let us go to his grave, and weep!—Ah! his grave! how dreadful the thought!—O Jesus! thou divine Jesus! Where will be thy grave?—Ah, where wilt thou reſt in peace?—Where will the rage of the cruel leave thee a grave?

Thus with deep anguiſh, and humble fervour, Peter deplor'd his ingratitude to him, whom the ſinners of the earth, in their words acknowledge, and in their actions deny: but he wept, and obtain'd the martyr's crown.

The End of the Sixth Book.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA welcomes the returning morn with an hymn. The MESSIAH is led to PILATE, and accuſed by CAIAPHAS and PHILO. The dreadful deſpair and death of JUDAS. MARY comes, ſees her divine SON ſtanding before the Roman governor, and, fill'd with grief, applies to PORTIA, who comforts her, and tells her dream. The MESSIAH is ſent to HEROD, who expecting to ſee him work a miracle is diſappointed: when CAIAPHAS obſerving his diſſatisfaction, accuſes JESUS, who, after being treated with deriſion, is ſent back to PILATE. That governor endeavours to ſave him; but is prevailed on to releaſe BARABBAS, and condemn'd JESUS. He is ſcourged, arrayed in a purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and in this condition PILATE ſhews him to the people to excite their compaſſion, but finding all in vain, he delivers him to the prieſts, who cauſe him to be led to crucifixion.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VII.

ELOA now ſtood amidſt the purple bluſhes of the opening morn, encompaſs'd by the guardians of the earth, and in ſlow and ſolemn ſtrains join'd his lyre to his melodious voice.

To thee, Eternity, is born this awful day—this day of blood; which riſes in the Heavens replete with mercy, and with grace divine. Hail, all gracious FATHER! —hail! — who gaveſt thy SON to die for man, and who, from blackeſt human guilt, brings forth ſmiling peace and immortality. Hail, SAVIOUR, meek and holy! This day ſhall ſhew thy love to man, while all the wondering hoſt above, enraptur'd ſhall admire thy condeſcention, and extol thine high philanthropy and

grace. Ye cherubim and ſeraphim tune your golden lyres, and chant his praiſe, who now will bleed and die, that man may live. Thou now ſhalt bruiſe the ſerpent's head, and break the ſting of death. From the earth ſhall angels riſe; and quitting their mortal clay, appear in radiant forms; while eternal Reſt ſhall cloſe the train of thine exalted triumphs.

Hail bleſſed day, replete with mercy, and with grace divine! Behold the ſun now begins to ſmile with more refulgent luſtre on this earthly globe. See how his ſlanting rays ſkim along the nether ſky! Hail day of ſacred reſt, and ſolemn joy in Heaven, in which the ſeraphs lay their crowns before the eternal throne adoring. Let all the wide creation join to praiſe the ſuffering Jesus, and ſuns and worlds innumerable admire and celebrate his mercy, and his love divine.

Thus ſang Eloa, while his ſacred hymn reſounded through the heavens. Now had the high-prieſt aſſembled his creatures in the inner hall, where ſitting in council, they conſpir'd againſt the holy Jesus

There, in deep conſultation, they debated on the methods by which they might bring over PILATE to join their bloody purpoſe; on the meaſures to be taken with the multitude; and on the manner in which the SAVIOUR ſhould die. But the proud PHILO deſpiſing them too much to attend to their advice, abruptly left the aſſembly, and ſought the MESSIAH, whom he found ſitting with the guard at the declining fire. Before him, with menacing port, he, with quick ſtep, walk'd to and fro: till, at length, his threatening eye, gleaming with revengeful fury, became fix'd on JESUS. He then ſtood ſtill: but amidſt all the ebulitions of rage, with fluttering anxiety foreſaw a train of difficulties that oppos'd his deſign: theſe he provided againſt, by placing before his mind every expedient which eloquence, the authority of the prieſts, or any external object might afford; leaving nothing to chance. At length, recollecting that JESUS might be reſcu'd by the furious populace, his heart began to fail; but checking

his fears, and ſummoning all his courage, he reſolv'd to put him to death, or to periſh in the attempt. Then conſidering that the time for executing his fell purpoſe was now arriv'd, his heart again flutter'd; but he ſoon ſuppreſs'd the tumult within, and now full of his reſolutions, the ſlight airy web prepar'd by vain precaution, he return'd to the council; where he inſtantly cry'd, with a loud voice, Still, fathers do you delay! Does not the dawn already appear?—Shall he yet live till the evening?

Rouz'd at Philo's words, the council ſuddenly broke up; and the guard rudely laying their hands on the bleſſed Jesus, they, with a formidable body of the prieſts, ſcribes, and elders, led him to Pilate. Cold was the breath of the morning; and the glimmering light of the riſing day now unveil'd to Jesus the temple, which was only for a few hours to prefigure a nobler ſacrifice, than was ever offer'd on its ſmoaking altars. From that ſtructure he turn'd his eyes to Heaven. He was hurry'd along, and early as it was, was ſoon attended by a numerous multitude: for

report had not conceal'd the tranſactions of the night. Meſſengers were diſpatch'd to inform PILATE of their coming, and they had ſcarcely arriv'd, when that governor, to his great ſurpriſe, beheld all the tribe of Judah appear before him, only to bring a dubious charge againſt a ſingle man. Having preſs'd up the ample ſtaircaſe which led to the judgment hall, they ſtopp'd in an open gallery before it, call'd Gabbatha, where PILATE had caus'd his ſeat to be plac'd: for the approaching feſtival did not permit their entering the court of juſtice. There, in ſuperb ſtate, ſat PILATE on the ſeat of judgment, who immediately cry'd, Of what does the elders of Iſrael accuſe the priſoner? and — How! added he, interrupting himſelf, do I ſee CAIAPHAS himſelf here? This he ſpake aloud, with his eyes fix'd more on JESUS than on the aſſembly. The high-prieſt then advancing nearer, ſaid: We flatter ourſelves, that PILATE has ſuch an opinion of the fathers of Iſrael as to be perſuaded that they would not have brought

this man before him, were he not a criminal. Yes, PILATE, he is a criminal, and his crime greater than has ever been committed ſince Iſrael has enjoy'd the happineſs of being under thy government. With ſuch indignation has his guilt fill'd the fathers of Judea, that they are unable to repreſent before thee, in a clear light, the impious oppoſition this JESUS has made againſt the laws of our prophet, and the holy temple! or how the ſorcerer, by his faſcinating ſpeeches, and a thouſand miracles, has ſeduc'd the people! Long, very long, O PILATE! has he deſerv'd death.——

Here PILATE interrupting him, cry'd, Then take him, and judge him according to your law. Why, O Roman! reſum'd the high-prieſt, doſt thou mock us? Thou canſt not but know, that it is not lawful for us to put any man to death. Here he paus'd, vex'd that PILATE ſhould oblige them to recollect their loſt freedom: but ſoon continu'd; Thou know'ſt what ſubmiſſion, what unreſerv'd obedience and unſhaken fidelity we have ſhewn to TIBE-

rius, our ſovereign, and the father of his country. This Jesus, whom thou ſeeſt before thee, has aſſembled the people in the wilderneſſes of Judea, where, by his factious ſpeeches, he has incited them to ſhake off their ſubjection to Cæsar, and to make him king. He pretended to be the perſon foretold by the prophets as the deliverer of Judah. He ſearch'd into their inmoſt thoughts, learnt their ſentiments, ſympathiz'd in their concerns, and when they were hungry in the deſart, ſupply'd them with food. How greatly he has by theſe means attach'd them to himſelf, appears from the manner in which he made his public entry into Jeruſalem—But I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the pomp and rejoicings of that profane day. Thou thyſelf muſt have obſerv'd them, and have heard the rude acclamations, the hoſannas, the frantic exultations of the mad'ning populace, which doubtleſs ſhook even this ſolid edifice.

At this Pilate only ſmil'd: on which Philo repreſſing the heat of his malice,

and all the fury of ungovern'd rage, calmly began, Could I, O thou wiſe Roman, imagine that thou wouldſt ſuffer thyſelf to be ſo deceiv'd by a ſpecious ſhew of humility, as to believe the proud traitor incapable of forming ambitious ſchemes of rebellion, I ſhould continue ſilent. But thou know'ſt mankind.—This JESUS, however contemptible he may ſeem, while bound and a priſoner, made a very different appearance in the deſarts of Galilee. I beg, O PILATE! thy patient hearing, while I lay before thee a ſlight ſketch of his projects. Firſt, by the arts already mention'd by the high-prieſt, he practis'd on the infatuated multitude. He then proceeded to try how far he could govern them. But how did the trial anſwer his preſumptuous attempt? Confident diſcourſes, eloquence ſublime, now indeed lying dormant, and fictitious miracles, gave him ſucceſs. His projects ripening apace, he mov'd the multitude to make him king. They flock'd about him, and the air reſounded with their applauſe. This he perceiv'd, and the more to inflame their zeal, withdrew from their ſight.

This ſucceeded. They went in queſt of him, and the rolling ſtream was ſwell'd by the acceſſion of new currents. At length finding their ſtrength equal to the end propos'd, he no longer avoided them; but enter'd Jeruſalem in triumph. Yet, however great was the attachment of the multitude to him, it went not ſo far as to induce them to compel the fathers of Jeruſalem to go out and meet their king. And be aſſur'd, O PILATE! that had they dar'd to make the attempt, there is not a hoary head among all thoſe thou ſeeſt before thee, nor any of us who ſerve at the altar, who would not with joy have bled in the cauſe of GOD, and of CÆSAR.

Penſive ſtood the MESSIAH. Over Him hover'd ſufferings, the price of the great redemption. Death in its moſt horrid form ſummon'd him to the altar, while thoſe who rag'd around him were only the ſacrificers, and theſe he ſcarce obſerv'd. Thus the commander, choſen by his native country, to chaſtiſe an inſolent invader, and to revenge the indignant tears of

expiring liberty, looks not at the duſt that riſes from the enſanguin'd plain. But PILATE, though a Roman, was fill'd with amazement at the ſilence of the MEDIATOR. Thou hear'ſt, ſaid he, the heavy charge that is brought againſt thee, and yet art ſilent—Perhaps thou art unwilling to defend thyſelf before this tumultuous aſſembly. Follow me. JESUS then followed the Roman governor into the judgment hall.

Now Uncertainty, with ſtaggering feet, walk'd among the prieſts, ſpreading over their faces pallid fear.

But a more abandon'd ſinner than they: one who, with guilt of deeper dye, had ungratefully betray'd his divine friend, ſeeing the approach of that death, to which he found the impatient prieſts were reſolv'd to lead him, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and haſtily ruſh'd out of the aſſembly, then preſſing thro' the waving multitude, flew to the temple, where CAIAPHAS, dreading an inſurrection, had poſted a number of prieſts. This the traitor knew, and now had enter'd the ſacred ſtructure, where

reign'd an awful ſilence. At the ſight of the veil, hanging before the Holy of Holies, he haſtily turn'd aſide; he was ſeiz'd with a ſudden tremor; paleneſs ſat on his cheek, guilt and horrour on his brow. Then going with frantic geſture up to the prieſts, he cry'd aloud, Take back your ſilver. I have ſinn'd in betraying the blood of the innocent, which, wretch that I am, now falls on my head! He then threw the money at their feet, and rolling his eyes, in wild deſpair, ruſh'd out of the temple, and out of Jeruſalem, flying from the ſight of man. He ſtops, and looks around. He runs. Again he ſtands ſtill. Again he flies. Then haſtily caſts his eyes about to ſee whether he be obſerv'd by mortal eye. At length no human being appears in ſight, and the noiſe of the city dies on his ear.

Judas then clenching his hands, and ſtamping, cry'd, Oh, how my guilt ſtares me in the face, and tears this obdurate, this black, this cruel heart! I cannot—I muſt not bear it! This nameleſs agony will not—no, it will not, after death, be more dreadful! O horrour moſt horrible!

O rage—rage, too long am I in thy power! When theſe eyes are clos'd—theſe ears are deaf—I ſhall not ſee him ſtretch'd on the croſs!—I ſhall not ſee his trickling blood! nor hear his faultering voice!—But he who ſpoke on Horeb ſaid, Thou ſhalt do no murder!—He did—But I have no God! —Thou miſery ſhalt be my God! Thou commandeſt me to die!—I will obey—I will die!—Ah! why do I tremble? why feel this inward conflict? Why, O my ſoul! doſt thou ſhudder at the dreadful deed? Ah traitor! does the love of life ſtill riſe? Wouldſt thou live—live branded as the moſt treacherous—moſt ungrateful—moſt accurs'd!——Have I not betray'd—aye, murder'd the holy Jesus—once my friend? for this the Grave opens wide its gaping jaws—and Hell!—Oh horrour—horrour inexpreſſible!—Sure Hell cannot be worſe! —I'll know the worſt. Die!—wretch die! —kill alſo the ſoul, which would carry its wretchedneſs beyond the grave.—Thought, thou art my torment—my curſe! —I would kill thought!—Thou thinking principle, ſo wretched, and that yet ſhud-

ders at this dread deed of black deſpair, to thee I wiſh deſtruction! Thus, with wandering look he ſpake, and then with fury curs'd, and rag'd againſt the ETERNAL.

ITHURIEL, and OBADDON, the angel of death, had follow'd his ſteps. ISCARIOT now ſtood ſilent under a ſpreading tree, and, by each geſture ſhew'd, that he was devoting himſelf to deſtruction. Then ITHURIEL, with precipitate voice, ſaid to OBADDON, Behold he is going to die by his own hand! I who have been his angel, was willing once more to ſee him. Now the ſinner is left to thee, and to the dread effects of his raſh deſpair. Tho' once his guardian, I now deliver him up to thee. Thou know'ſt the divine command. I veil myſelf, and fly from the ſcene of horrour. Then OBADDON, riſing to the ſummit of an adjacent hill, ſtretch'd towards Heaven his right hand, in which he held a flaming ſword, and utter'd the ſolemn, the dreadful words pronounc'd by the angels of death, when man filling up the meaſure of his guilt, impiouſly deſerts the poſt allotted him by the great CREATOR, and flying in

the face of ſovereign mercy, which ever ſmiles on true repentance, murders himſelf.

O Death, I conjure thee, by the awful name of the great Omnipotent, to make this man thy prey! His blood be upon himſelf. Behold thou, to thee, extinguiſheſt the ſun. Life and Death lie before thee: but thou, wretched mortal, ſhorteneſt the time appointed thee by ſovereign wiſdom, and chuſeſt death. Withdraw thy light, O Sun! and on him come the agonies of expiring nature! O Grave, open wide thy tremendous jaws! and ſeize him, O Corruption! His blood be upon himſelf.

Judas heard the voice of the immortal ſpirit. Thus, at midnight, the wandering traveller, in a lonely foreſt, liſtens to the diſtant ſtorm which howls in the mountains, and tears up the cloud-top'd cedars on their lofty ſummits. Iscariot, fill'd with all the frenzy of deſpair, anſwer'd, Too well I know thy voice: thou art Jesus, who is now put to death, and followeſt me, requiring thy blood, which I, ungrateful, have ſpilt! Here I am!—I come!—I come!—Take my life in return. Thus crying,

with look wild and furious, he lept from the crag of a ſhelving rock, and was ſuſpended in the air. Obaddon himſelf was aſtoniſh'd, and ſtarted back.—He dies.—The amaz'd ſtruggling ſoul, ere the breaking of his convuls'd heart, thrice ſhook his whole frame; and at the fourth, the ſtretching cord, by which he hung, broke: he fell on the craggy rock, and Death drove his frantic ſpirit from its earthly manſion. It aroſe upwards. Volatile ſpirits follow'd from the ſqualid corpſe, and, ſwifter than thought, gather'd round it, and became an aërial body, that, with clearer eyes, the ſoul might behold the dreadful abyſs, and, with finer and more terrify'd ear, diſtinguiſh the thunders of the aweful Judge rolling on high: but it was a body odious to the ſight of man, weak, and only ſenſible of pain. Soon had the ſoul recover'd from the ſtupor of death. It began to think, and ſaid, Am I again ſenſible?—What am I now!—How light I raiſe myſelf on high in the air! Are theſe bones?—No, they are not—But yet I have a body!—How myſterious!—Who am I?—But—dreadful are my

perceptions!—I feel myſelf miſerable!—Am I JUDAS, who dy'd by his own hands?—Where am I?—Who is he on the hill—that bright figure, who caſts a dreadful look towards me?—Oh that mine eyes had remain'd clos'd in darkneſs!—but they ſee more clearly!—more clearly ſtill!—ah, how dreadfully clear!—Let me be gone!—O horror! horror! it is the JUDGE of the earth!—I cannot eſcape!—and that is my frightful corpſe! O that I could enter it again!

Now the guilty ſpirit, amaz'd and confounded, ſunk to the ground. Ariſe, call'd OBADDON from the hill, ſink not down to the earth. I am not the JUDGE of the world; but OBADDON, the angel of death, one of his meſſengers. Hear thy ſentence. This is the firſt, and worſe is that which will follow.

To death everlaſting art thou adjudg'd! Thou haſt betray'd thy LORD, the gracious MESSIAH! Thou haſt rebell'd againſt the omnipotent JEHOVAH! and haſt murder'd thyſelf! Therefore he who holds the ſcales in his right hand, and in his left death, hath

ſaid, The terrors that ſhall gather round the head of the traitor are beyond meaſure; beyond the reach of numbers. Firſt ſhew him the bleeding Redeemer fix'd on the croſs. Then at a diſtance let him ſee the bright manſions of everlaſting felicity, and then convey him to the gloomy regions of eternal night!

Thus the angel announc'd the ſentence. On which the trembling ghoſt, now render'd by its terrors ſtill blacker and more horrible, at a diſtance follow'd Obaddon.

In the mean time Jesus was in the judgment hall with Pilate, who ſaid, Art thou the King of the Jews? The Saviour looking on the Roman with a placid gravity, anſwer'd, If my kingdom were of this world, then would my ſervants fight: but my kingdom is not on earth. How then, return'd Pilate, canſt thou be a king? I am, ſaid Jesus. I came down to earth, and was born to lead mankind to the truth. They that are of the truth liſten to my voice.

Here Pilate chang'd the diſcourſe, and with the air of a politician, willing to

elude the deciſion of an affair which he thinks beneath his farther enquiry, ſaid with a ſmile, What is truth? Then return'd with Jesus to the multitude, and addreſſing himſelf to the prieſts, ſaid, I cannot find that he is guilty of any crime; much leſs that he is worthy of death. It does not appear to me, that he has really engag'd in any ſeditious practices: but as ye have mention'd Galilee as the principal ſcene of his rebellion, I will ſend him to Herod, who is now in Jeruſalem, and let him, if he pleaſes, puniſh him. The affair ſeems to relate to ſomething in your law, of which Herod is a better judge than I.

After a ſleepleſs night, the mother of the moſt amiable of the ſons of men, came to Jeruſalem with the firſt appearance of the dawn, and haſted to the temple in ſearch of the divine Jesus; but not finding him, ſtood depreſs'd by anxiety and grief, till a hoarſe murmur from the governor's palace reach'd her ears. She then mov'd towards the ſound without any idea of the cauſe from which it aroſe, and min-

gled with the crowds which from every part of Jeruſalem were flocking to the judgment-ſeat. Melancholy, but entirely at eaſe with reſpect to the cauſe of the tumult, ſhe drew near to the ſolemn place, when ſhe obſerv'd Lebbeus, who, no ſooner met her eye, than he haſtily withdrew. Ah, cry'd ſhe to herſelf, he ſhuns me! Why does he turn aſide! This thought drew the ſword which the divine providence had ordain'd, ſhould pierce through her ſoul. Mary then entering the place call'd Gabbatha, and raiſing her head, ſaw Jesus. Her angel, on beholding the paleneſs of death overſpread her face, and the tender anguiſh that appear'd in her eyes, turn'd aſide. Yet ſhe, tho' her ſight grew dim, and her ears ſeem'd ſtunn'd, went forward, and trembling, proceeded towards the judgment-ſeat, where ſhe at once ſaw her ſon, his powerful accuſers, with the Roman gevernor ſitting in judgment, and heard the voices of the multitude clamorouſly demanding his death. What could ſhe do? To whoſe mercy could ſhe have recourſe? She

look'd around and ſaw no pity. She rais'd her eyes to Heaven, but from thence receiv'd no relief. In this extremity her bleeding heart in ſilent fervor, thus offer'd up its petitions to Him who perfectly knows every idea of the human mind.

O thou who cauſedſt the miraculous birth of this my dear Son to be made known to me by an angel, before I had, by thy power, conceived: who in Bethlehem's vale gave him to me, that I might rejoice with a mother's joy, in concert with thoſe with whom never mother rejoic'd: with a joy which the angelic hoſts themſelves in their hymns at his birth, did not fully expreſs: oh let me not ſee the wicked prevail againſt him! Thou who graciouſly lent an ear to the ſupplications of the mother of SAMUEL, when at thine altar, ſhe mingled her petitions with her tears, hear my ſighs, and pity the diſtreſs of my ſoul. O GOD moſt merciful! conſider the anguiſh of my heart. Thou gaveſt me the tenderneſs of a mother; thou gaveſt me the beſt of Sons—Of all human beings the beſt. O thou who createdſt the

Heavens, and haſt directed the ſons and daughters of affliction to fly to thee for relief, if my petition be agreeable to thy divine will, ſuffer not theſe cruel men to put to death my Son, the holy Jesus.

Here her diſtreſs grew too great to permit her even to give vent to her thoughts, Meanwhile the ſtream of the impetuous multitude drove her aſide out of his view. With much difficulty ſhe now made way through the crowd: ſhe ſtood ſtill: then preſs'd forward, ſeeking for his diſciples; but not finding them, ſhe veil'd herſelf, and freely indulg'd her tears. At length, lifting up her eyes, ſhe ſaw herſelf cloſe by the other ſide of the Roman palace: then ſighing, ſhe ſaid to herſelf, Perhaps ſome humane, ſome tender mind may dwell in this riotous houſe: perhaps a mother, who is not above ſympathizing in a mother's grief. Oh that this were but the caſe! — Many mothers report of thee, O Portia! that thou haſt a benevolent heart.—O ye angels, who at the manger ſang the nativity of my Son! may ſhe pity my diſtreſs!

Mary inſtantly aſcended the marble ſteps, took off her veil, and enter'd the empty, ſilent rooms. Soon ſhe ſaw a graceful Roman lady, iſſue forth from a diſtant chamber, on the ſide next the hall of judgment, who, beholding Mary, ſtood ſurpriz'd, while her limbs appear'd to tremble under her looſe robe. The mother of Jesus, though her countenance was clouded by grief, in all her geſtures ſhew'd a dignity that was admir'd even by the angels: for true dignity is beſt underſtood by the celeſtial ſpirits; and now, with a graceful humility, ſhe approach'd the fair Roman, who inſtantly cry'd, Say —oh ſay, who art thou? for never have I beheld ſuch noble ſorrow.

Mary now interrupting her, ſaid, If thou feeleſt in thine heart the compaſſion that ſits on thy countenance, lead me—oh lead me to the amiable, the humane Portia. The lovely Roman matron, now ſtill more amaz'd, anſwer'd with ſofteſt voice, I am Portia. Thou, the generous Portia! return'd Mary, fill'd with an agreeable ſurpriſe. On

ſeeing thee a ſecret wiſh aroſe in my mind, that PORTIA was ſuch as thou appear'ſt. And art thou indeed that Roman lady?—But thou canſt know little of the grief felt by a mother belonging to a people whom thou hateſt, yet the women of Iſrael extol thy gentleneſs and humanity. I am the mother of him whom PILATE is now judging, whom cruel men have unjuſtly accus'd, though he has committed no offence; for he is holy, and his life irreproachable.

PORTIA ſtood viewing her with rapturous admiration; while her mind riſing above the dejections of compaſſion, ſhe at firſt ſeem'd loſt in amazement. At length ſhe cry'd, And is he thy Son, and thou the moſt bleſs'd of women? Art thou the mother of the divine JESUS? Art thou MARY? Then turning from her, ſhe, with audible voice, thus lift up her thoughts, and her eyes to Heaven.

O ye Gods! ſhe is his mother! upon you, ye nobler, ye better Gods I call, who have been reveal'd to me in a dream—a dream fill'd with important realities.

O thou Supreme! Jupiter is not thy name, nor Apollo; but whatever thou art call'd, thou haſt ſent to me the mother of the greateſt, the wiſeſt, the beſt of men! if indeed he be a man. Sent her a ſuppliant to me!—oh let her not offer her ſupplications to me! but rather let her lead me to her exalted Son, that he may deliver me from darkneſs and doubt! that by caſting upon me a diſtant look, he may unfold the knowledge of the Most High God, and the wonderous myſteries I long to know.

Portia again turn'd herſelf towards Mary, who, with an affectionate look, met the Roman matron's eye, and then cry'd: How art thou mov'd!—Doth Portia pity me?—Oh then am I happy—then am I indeed a moſt happy mother! No mother ever lov'd a ſon with a love like mine. But, O fair Roman! let me conjure thee by thy heart ſo full of compaſſion, not to implore thy Gods. It is thou thyſelf muſt help my Son; they have no power to help him: nor canſt thou, if the Most High has decreed that he ſhall die. Yet if Pilate preſerves his ſoul unſtain'd

with the blood of the innocent, with more confidence will he appear before the judgment ſeat of God.

Portia earneſtly fixing her eyes on Mary, thus, with gentle voice, reply'd: Oh what have I ſaid? I ſcarce know what I ſay, or what emotions ſwell my heart! but, let this be thy conſolation; I will ſtrive to help thee—thee whom my ſoul loveth. Know too, O Mary! that I do not, as thou ſuppoſeſt, call on thoſe Gods. A holy dream, from which I am but juſt riſen, has taught me better Gods, and to them have I pray'd—A dream, like which, hath never before been preſented to my imagination—I would have help'd thee, Mary, even tho' thou hadſt not come: for the viſion that appear'd before me, had already, with a powerful voice, ſpoke in thy behalf: but the end of it was dreadful and myſterious. At my awaking, ſtrong were the impreſſions it had made upon my mind, and I was haſting to ſee the mighty priſoner, when behold, the Gods ſent me his mother!

Here ſhe beckon'd to a female ſlave, who ſtood at a reſpectful diſtance in the paſſage; for on leaving her apartment, ſhe had given orders that a ſlave ſhould be ſent to attend her. She was now come, and PORTIA, addreſſing herſelf to her, ſaid, Go to PILATE, and let him know from me, that he who is now before him is a divine perſon, that therefore I entreat him not to condemn the righteous. For this morning it was the will of the Gods, that a viſion in his behalf ſhould trouble me while I ſlept. Then turning to MARY, ſhe added, Ceaſe now, thou tender mother, to dwell on thy ſorrows. I will lead thee into my garden: we will walk among the flowers opening to the morning ſun; where we ſhall be free from this alarming noiſe, and there I will relate to thee my inſtructive dream.

PORTIA was now ſilent, and MARY, unable to expreſs her gratitude and joy, made no reply. They walk'd down into the garden, while the noble pagan was rapt in amazement, and in reflections which had never before employ'd the ſa-

culties of her mind. Her angel had infus'd the dream, and from the ſtrong and warm ſenſations with which ſhe was affected, now awak'd new thoughts, that with the greateſt certainty and force, he might touch the fineſt ſtrings of her heart: but at length, rouſing herſelf from theſe contemplations, ſhe thus addreſs'd herſelf to MARY.

SOCRATES,—thou indeed know'ſt him not; but my mind exults at his very name; for the nobleſt life that ever man liv'd, he crown'd with a dignity in death, that did honour to ſuch a life. That eminent ſage, has always been the object of my higheſt admiration. Him I ſaw in a dream: for he gave me to know his immortal name. I, SOCRATES, ſaid he, whom thou admireſt, am come to thee from the regions beyond the grave. Ceaſe to place thine admiration on me. The DEITY is not what we thought him. in the ſhades of rigid wiſdom, and thou at the altars, have gone aſtray. To reveal to thee the wonders of the MOST HIGH

would exceed my commiſſion. I only lead thee to the firſt ſtep of the outer court of his temple. Perhaps, in theſe wonderful days, in which the greateſt and moſt important event is ſeen on earth, a better and more exalted ſpirit may come, and lead thee farther in the way of truth and holineſs. But thus much I may declare to thee, and this knowledge thou haſt procur'd by thy ſingular goodneſs. SOCRATES no longer ſuffers from the cruelty of the wicked. There is no Elyſium, no infernal judges, no Tartarus. Theſe are only weak and chimerical fictions, the offspring of Ignorance and Error. Another Judge judges beyond the grave, whoſe wiſdom comprehends all knowledge, whoſe juſtice is impartial, whoſe power is boundleſs, and whoſe goodneſs is infinite. Other ſuns ſhine than the fabulous luminaries of Elyſium, and the felicity of the bleſt is pure, ineffable, eternal. But all actions are number'd, weigh'd, and meaſur'd, how then muſt the higheſt apparent virtues ſink in real value! how is the boaſted worth of the hypocrite ſcatter'd like duſt

before the whirlwind! The ſincére are rewarded: their involuntary errors receive forgiveneſs. Thus I, on account of the ſincerity of my heart, have obtain'd grace, and am happy. On earth I lov'd virtue; here I drink full draughts from its pure celeſtial ſpring. O Portia! Portia! how different is the ſtate on the other ſide the tomb, from that we have imagin'd. Your formidable Rome, is no more than a large aſſemblage of buſy ants, and one ſympathizing virtuous tear is of more value than a world. Oh deſerve to ſhed ſuch tears! What at preſent employs the fix'd attention of the celeſtial ſpirits, I have not yet perfectly diſcover'd, but ſtand adoring, rapt in wonder and ſurpriſe. The greateſt of mankind, if I may preſume to call him a man, ſuffers more than the ſufferings of a mortal, and paying the loweſt obedience to the Most High God, perfects all virtue. He ſuffers for the human race. Behold, thine eyes have ſeen him. Pilate now ſits in judgment on thy Redeemer: but ſhould his blood be ſhed,

louder will it cry, than any innocent blood ever ſpilt.

Here the venerable phantom paus'd, and then crying, Obſerve! inſtantly vaniſh'd. I look'd around me, and, behold, a black cloud ſoon cover'd all the azure ſky with darkneſs, and deſcending, hover'd over the graves, which trembling, open'd. Over one of them the cloud ſeparated, forming a lucid chaſm, through which aſcended a man ſtain'd with blood, follow'd by the eyes of multitudes diſpers'd on the graves, who look'd upwards, with ſtretch'd out arms, as if longing to follow him, till he aſcended above the clouds, which ſoon diſpers'd. After this I look'd, and behold many bled and dy'd for him, who had aſcended on high. The earth drank their blood, and trembled. I ſaw the ſufferers die; nobly did they ſuffer, and better were they than the men among whom we live. Now aroſe a tempeſt: dreadful it march'd along, ſpreading a thick gloom over all nature. Terrify'd I awoke.—Here ſhe abruptly paus'd. Thus the mind, trembling, ſtarts back from a train of thoughts,

on finding that the laſt verges too near on the awful depths of providence.

Portia continu'd ſtanding, while Mary lifting up her penſive eyes to Heaven; and then caſting an affectionate look on the fair virtuous Roman, thus anſwer'd, What ſhall I ſay, O Portia? To me the purport of this amazing viſion is not fully known: but how much do I honour thee, O thou favour'd of Heaven! Spirits of an higher order will come, and lead thee into the ſanctuary of God. Silent as I am, when with pleaſure and admiration I liſten to thy diſcourſe, permit me now to ſay, that he who created the revolving Heavens, with as much eaſe as theſe blooming flowers: who has given to the human race a life of labour, of fleeting joys and tranſient ſorrows, that we may not forget the value of our immortal ſouls, nor ceaſe to remember that immortality dwells beyond the grave; is but one. He is call'd Jehovah, the Creator, the bleſſed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords. He

was the God of Adam, the firſt of men; the God of Abraham our father; but the manner in which we worſhip him, whatever the proud may ſay, the pious among us acknowledge to be involv'd in obſcurity. Yet it was preſcrib'd by the Eternal himſelf, who can and will remove the veil. He is now removing it. Jesus the great Prophet, the Worker of mighty miracles, the Meſſenger of the Most High God, whom with inexpreſſible joy, reverence and aſtoniſhment, I call my Son, came to remove the veil. That I was to bear him, that his name was to be Jesus, that he is to redeem mankind, were reveal'd to me by a ſuperior, and immortal being, call'd an angel; but though they are created like us, yet the deities of the Greeks and of the formidable Romans, did they really exiſt, would be but as mortals, compar'd with theſe exalted ſpirits. When I brought forth the wonderful child, though mean was the place, an hoſt of thoſe bright immortal beings celebrated his nativity, with hymns of joy and triumph.

Portia now overcome by her amazement, lift up her join'd hands and her eyes towards Heaven, and ſinking down on her knees, pray'd. She ſtrove to pronounce the word Jehovah: but feeling a ſecret awe, which would not ſuffer her yet to preſume to mention the tremendous name, ſhe aroſe, and giving Mary a look of ſympathetic ſorrow, cry'd, He ſhall not die.

Ah he will!—he will! return'd Mary. Long has this thought clouded my life with grief and melancholy. For he himſelf, O Portia! has ſaid it. He is reſolv'd to lay down his precious life: this appears to me, and his pious diſciples, moſt myſterious.—Ah now my wounded heart bleeds afreſh! Thy divine viſion begins to open upon my mind.--May God--the God of Abraham bleſs thee!—but oh turn from me thy weeping eyes!—In vain do thy tears, O Portia, ſpeak comfort to my ſoul!—He is determin'd to die!—to die!

Here her voice fail'd her. They now turn'd aſide from each other, and wept in

ſilence; till at length, as the dying ſaint caſts a laſt look at her friend, the amiable, the diſconſolate mother, lift up her head, and caſt her ſwimming eyes on PORTIA, who with anſwering look of tender ſympathy, took her by the hand, and ſaid, O thou beſt of mothers! thou moſt honourable among women! I will go with thee —I will mourn with thee at the ſepulchre of the dead!

While they thus interchang'd cordial diſcourſe, the high prieſt, attended by the multitude, hurry'd the great MESSIAH to HEROD, whoſe ſtately palace already rang with the cry, that PILATE was ſending JESUS of GALILEE, who had perform'd ſuch mighty miracles, to HEROD. That prince immediately aſſembled his courtiers; and being ſeated, thus addreſs'd them: the great affair ſhall this day be decided before me. I have carefully attended to the important things of which rumour has not been ſilent: his healing the ſick with a word, and, with a word, his raiſing the dead. Yet his ſubmitting to be a priſoner, amazes me no leſs than

you. Thus he ſpake but utter'd not all his thoughts. His heart was inflated with pride, and exulting in the idea, that his curioſity and vanity would now be gratify'd, he ſaid to himſelf, The greateſt of all our prophets muſt ſtoop to appear before me as a criminal. I ſhall be his judge; and I will order him to perform ſome miracle. Should he comply, I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing it, and the honour of its being done at my command; and ſhould he not, yet ſtill will plead before me this celebrated prophet, before whom Iſrael has ſtrew'd palms, and ſung hoſannas.

Herod's indulgence of theſe vain contemplations was interrupted by the prieſts, who, with loud and haſty ſteps, enter'd the hall. The benevolent Jesus was ſtill among the multitude, who preſs'd around him. Now a thouſand perſons ruſh'd forward, endeavouring to ſee him. They ſtorm'd, they rag'd. Some, uttering curſes reproach'd him, and others wept. The great Messiah walk'd amidſt the tumult with ſilent reſignation, fill'd with ideas too great for the narrow powers of a meer hu-

man mind to conceive. He look'd forward, to the ſtate of his pious followers after his deceaſe, when the COMFORTER ſhould pour raptures into their tranſported ſouls, and enlightening their underſtandings, lead them into all truth. Many of theſe, his faithful friends, were among the multitude, preſſing towards him, to obtain his laſt bleſſing, while the crowding populace drove them back. Often did they renew their efforts; but they renew'd them in vain. Amidſt theſe were the diſciples; PETER, with heavy heart and languid eye, that in ſilent language ſpake his grief. Thou JOHN, and thou LEBBEUS, were alſo there, with NATHANIEL, and many of the ſeventy followers of the LORD. Among the crowd were alſo ſeveral of the female friends of CHRIST; MARY MAGDALEN, with MARY, the mother of the ſons of ZEBEDEE; but not the ſiſter of LAZARUS: ſhe lay at the point of death. The firſt of theſe fair diſciples was unable to repreſs the ardour of her ſoul; for ſeeing by her, one whoſe eyes the divine JESUS had open'd, fill'd with devout fervour, ſhe

cry'd aloud, Oh, if thou ſtill remembereſt the hour when he gave thee to behold the glorious light of the ſun, and all this blaze of day, help me—oh help me!—convey me through this maddening crowd, that my eyes may once more ſee my LORD—that I may once more receive his laſt bleſſing!—Oh they will kill him!—they, cruel men, will murder my LORD! but in vain were her entreaties, in vain did the grateful man endeavour to aſſiſt her. Mean while PETER, diſpirited by the anguiſh of his mind, at length deſiſted from all attempts to advance nearer to his gracious MASTER: but JOHN aſcending an eminence, obtain'd a diſtant ſight of the bleſſed SAVIOUR; and then, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, gave vent to his full heart in ſilent prayer. Mean while LEBBEUS, addreſſing himſelf to the other MARY, who, overpower'd with grief, cover'd her face, ſaid, O thou mother of the ſon of ZEBEDEE! happy parent! look up to Heaven, look up with comfort! How great is her grief who bore the ſpotleſs, the righteous, the divine JESUS! Wherever I

turn my eyes, methinks ſhe appears before me! I feel, I feel her ſorrows! I ſympathize in the tender, the painful emotions of her melting ſoul—of her burſting heart! Pity, Oh pity me, ye angels of death! ſhorten her ſorrows, and that ſhe may not ſee her holy Son expire, Oh remove her to the world of peace and joy!

At length the future Judge of the World enter'd Herod's palace, and was led before that prince; who, on his ſeeing him, was ſtruck with amazement: amidſt all the ſwellings of pride, he was aſtoniſh'd at beholding ſuch dignity, ſuch ſedate compoſure. For ſome time he ſat viewing him with a penetrating look, till his pride ſuppreſſing his amazement, he thus ſpake:

Thou Prophet, the fame of thy miracles has ſpread over the whole country, and has reach'd even my ears. Yet the voice of Fame, ſeldom repreſenting things as they really are, generally ſays too much or too little. Shew me then what I am to think of the miracles ſhe, perhaps, has too ſparingly attributed to thee. Not that I doubt of thy having perform'd them: I

would only ſee them perform'd, that I too may admire them. For as thou wert before Abraham, ſo art thou greater than Moses: greater than all the ſucceeding prophets. Well does it become thee, therefore, to exalt thyſelf above them by thy ſuperior miracles. That thou mayſt not heſitate in thy choice, I have ſelected ſome, all of a ſublime nature, and worthy of thee. Yonder riſes Moriah; above which thou ſeeſt the roof of the temple, and its lofty glittering pinnacles; Do thou ſay, Bow, ye pinnacles, and do homage to the Prophet. Within the temple lie the remains of David, how would that holy king rejoice at the ſight of Jeruſalem! with what amazement ſhould we be fill'd at ſeeing him! Call, therefore, O Prophet! to the bones of the king, that he may fly from the dark and lonely tomb, and appear alive among us. But thou art ſilent. If neither of theſe pleaſe thee, ſpeak to the waters of Jordan, ſaying, Ariſe, O Jordan! turn thy limpid ſtream, and flow round Jeruſalem; defend her ſplendid towers, and then roll back thy waters to

Genazareth. Or command Sion to riſe nearer to Heaven, or to place its lofty ſummit on the top of Olivet, that the people may, with amazement, behold its far-projecting ſhade. Thus ſpake Herod: without knowing to whom he directed his diſcourſe. He knew not that both the aſpiring mountain, and the proud tyrant of conquer'd nations, when compar'd with the humble, the divine Jesus, were no more than elevated duſt.

Herod now once more exclaim'd, What ſtill ſilent! the Messiah then beheld him with a look of awful dignity: which he miſtaking for contempt, aroſe full of wrath. When Caiaphas obſerving his paſſion, ſeiz'd the favourable moment, and leering on the Messiah, with malignant ſneer, thus ſpake:

Thou thyſelf, great Herod, ſeeſt what kind of prophet he is. Behold, when thou demandedſt a miracle, he is ſilent! Can he perform miracles? The vulgar imagine that he can, and we have ſome weak men among the elders, who are of the ſame opinion. Can he who, though

often admoniſh'd, has had the inſolence to oppoſe the covenant, and the law of Moses, be ſent of God, and endu'd by the great Jehovah with the power of working miracles? But his profanation of the covenant deliver'd on Sinai, when involv'd in ſmoak, amidſt the terrors of God, the ſummoning tempeſt, and the ſound of the trumpet, Caiaphas will avenge. He has even pretended to be a King, and gathering all Judea around him, has made his triumphant entry into Jeruſalem. The people ſtrew'd his path with the branches of the palm: they ſpread their apparel on the ground, cry-ing, Hoſanna to the ſon of David, Ho-ſanna to the King of Iſrael, Hoſanna to the Bleſſed of God—Behold he comes, he comes in the name of the Lord; ſtrew palms; pour forth your hoſannas; let ho-ſannas reſound thro' the higheſt Heavens, Sion echo'd back theſe ſeditious acclama-tions, and the portico on Moriah reverbe-rated the ſound. I, therefore, conjure thee by the aſhes of the holy David; and by the ſacred remains of thy father Herod,

the Great, to puniſh theſe impious profanations.

PHILO now ſmil'd on CAIAPHAS, tho' he was the object of his hatred; while HEROD, with bitter mockery, order'd a white robe to be put upon JESUS, like thoſe worn by the Romans when candidates for an office. PILATE added he, has judg'd rightly, and knowing his high merit, will inaugurate him as king, by adding to his hoſannas and his palms, the purple and the crown.

HEROD ſpoke and withdrew. The guards of the prince then put a white garment on the holy JESUS, and having inſulted him by their cruel mockery, he was ſent back to PILATE. The multitude being now greatly encreas'd, by the vaſt reſort of people who came to celebrate the feaſt of the paſſover, JESUS was accompany'd by crowds innumerable, and every part of the city was throng'd by a wild concourſe. This PHILO undaunted ſees, juſt as a pilot on obſerving the approaching waves, rejoices in his ſkill, and in the buoyancy of the ſupporting flood, Tho'

he knows that the people are ſtill divided, and that many thouſands are warmly attach'd to Jesus, he remains unmov'd. He aſſembles about him the Phariſes, haſtily gives the word, and they as readily diſperſe themſelves among the yielding crowd. Thus from the cup of a mortal foe poiſon flows, and every drop is death. The Phariſees haſte to inflame the multitude, the many-tongu'd orators emulate his rancour, his eloquence, and ſpecious blandiſhments; each according to his different diſpoſition venting exclamations, reproaches or curſes. Thus from different mouths reſounded,

Think ye, that he has perform'd miracles? Herod has aſk'd for a miracle; but he aſk'd in vain. Ye ſaw how mute he ſtood. — Accurſed be he who vilifies our father Abraham. Accurſed be he whoſe whole life has been a profanation of the law! — Behold his accuſers are the prieſts of the Moſt High God! — Has Jehovah ſent to us one whom he abandons? He has abandon'd him — ye ſee him in bonds. — The heathens in his tryal are too mild, too

merciful.—Men and brethren, ye are the holy people! for you ſhines the temple! for you the altars blaze! for you the flame of the offerings on the high altar riſes up to Heaven! To you the duſt of the prophets, to you the holy aſhes of Abraham, call for revenge! Come then and revenge the greateſt of our fathers. By ſuch exclamations, the Phariſees drew thouſands to their ſide. Few ſtood neuter and ſuſpended in doubt: Yet ſtill ſome continued virtuous and faithful: Theſe were thinly ſcatter'd amidſt the multitude. Thus when a wild hurricane has laid waſte the foreſts that cover the extended ſummits of the mountains, ſtill ſtand a few ſolitary cedars ſupporting the agitated clouds.

In the meanwhile Pilate, in order to ſave Jesus, had caus'd a priſoner, who, before his being apprehended, had been the terror of the country, to be privately brought into the judgment-hall, and the prieſts and people were no ſooner return'd than he was expos'd to their view on an eminence, in the open gallery called Gabbatha. His glaring eyes roll'd: he bit his

lips, and held his panting breath. Rage, not remorſe, bow'd his buſhy head; and ſhaking his naked nervous arm, he rattled his chains. On the right hand of this fell murderer, PILATE plac'd the divine REDEEMER. The aſſaſſin view'd him cloath'd in a white robe, when the idea that JESUS, or himſelf was to be immediately led to death, ſtruck him like a fiery dart, and with anxious ſolicitude agitated his big ſwelling heart.

Now PILATE, pointing to the benevolent JESUS, ſaid, Ye brought this man to me, for ſeducing the people from their allegiance to CÆSAR. I have heard him, but do not find that he is guilty of the charge; neither does HEROD. I cannot therefore conſent to his death. But as on your feſtival, I am to deliver to you a priſoner, I will order him to be ſcourg'd, and then releaſe him. Here he paus'd, but obſerving, that with diſſatisfy'd looks they continu'd ſilent, he reſum'd. But ye hear not reaſon —Tell me, which ſhall I deliber to you, this BARABBAS, a robber and

a murderer, or Jesus, whom ye call the king of the Jews?

In the mean time Portia's meſſenger came to him, and ſaid, The man whom thou judgeſt is a divine perſon: Portia therefore entreats thee not to condemn the righteous; for this morning it was the will of the Gods, that, on his behalf, ſhe ſhould ſuffer many things in a dream. Philo was now alarm'd, eſpecially when his emiſſaries coming in, let him know, that many of the people declar'd for Jesus. Suddenly were heard from afar the melancholy cries of thoſe who had been deaf, lame, blind, and even dead, calling Jesus the holy, the benevolent, the divine friend of mankind; but the raging murmurs of the nearer crowd, ſtifled the ſound of their exclamations and complaints; as the cries of an helpleſs child, in the midſt of a foreſt, are drown'd by the bellowing ſtorm: or as the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage, are loſt before the repetition of the ſounding exploits of the great. Philo was ſenſible of the danger of having his malevolent views render'd abortive. He knew Pi-

LATE's design in placing the murderer with the prophet, in the view of the people: but relying on his popularity, he, with an indignant air, left the Roman, proud of the chains, which, by his oratory, he could throw on the minds of the people, and stepp'd forth, while PILATE, with mingled contempt and anger, observ'd him from the seat of judgment.

PHILO made a sign to the people, and they were silent before him: he then with ardent look said: With but few words, ye men of Israel, can I this day address you. Ye know me. I hate the despiser of MOSES. I curse him, who, whatever his soothing lips may pretend, curses MOSES by his life. From this disposition; from my zeal for our great prophet, I now come to lay before you felicity and destruction. Chuse, ye Israelites, chuse whether BARABBAS shall be saved, or JESUS. BARABBAS, we all know, is a murderer. PILATE also knows it, and did he not aim at inspiring you with a misplac'd compassion, he would not have rais'd up him as a competitor for your favour with this JESUS,

who would faſcinate our minds with the ſpecious ſemblance of innocence. But I ſhall not preſume to penetrate into PILATE's deſigns. We are a conquer'd people, and it becomes us to be ſilent. but PHILO cannot conceal from you, ye Iſraelites, that ye ſtand on the brink of ruin, and, with grief, with anguiſh of heart I ſpeak it, ye are perhaps inclin'd to chuſe deſtruction. Yet the deſcendants of ſuch great, ſuch holy anceſtors, ſhall not thus ſink into perdition. This JESUS — this Man of cruelty knows, that when he had fill'd up the meaſure of his ſeditions, the Romans would come and extirpate us. Thouſands ſtood around him when he talk'd of the ſiege of this city, of the ſinking ſtate, of the temple of GOD being levell'd with the duſt. So blinded were ye, that ye were fill'd with admiration. But he had no mercy on you. He foreſees the miſeries of Jeruſalem: he knows that he, and he alone, is the cauſe of her approaching anguiſh, yet perſiſts in his rebellious practices. He ſees the ſmoak of the burning temple, which ſinks on

Moria, never more to riſe. He ſees the altar for burnt offerings thrown down. He beholds the ſtately Jeruſalem weeping! ſhe who ſat as a queen among the cities, co-ver'd with aſhes--bereav'd of her children —alas! they lie unbury'd! they lie expos'd, in the eye of day, turning to putrifaction! while the young, whom torturing anguiſh and devouring grief have ſpar'd, are ſeiz'd by the furious warrior, and their tender bones daſh'd againſt the ruins of this their native city!—Alas! no father ſees them!—their fathers dy'd in the field of battle!—no mother weeps over them! the mothers had long been conſum'd by emaciating grief! All this he ſees—he ſees void of pity, inſenſible to mercy!

He had no ſooner ended, than the other prieſts ſhouted their aſſent, as a ſignal to the people. But little want was there of ſuch dreadful, ſuch malignant repreſentations, to raiſe a tumult in their hearts, which their own vices had already implanted there.

Pilate who had ſat loſt in thought, now again cry'd, Which of theſe two ſhall I deliver up to you? Immediately Barabbas! was reſounded from every ſide, with ſuch fury, that the angels who encompaſs'd Jesus, trembling, turn'd aſide their faces; and Barabbas! Barabbas! was ſtill the cry. At length, Pilate's amazement being ſuppreſs'd by his indignation, he cry'd, What then ſhall I do with Jesus, your king. At this, ſtamping with fury, they bellow'd out, Crucify him! crucify him! The Roman once more endeavouring to calm their rage, added, But what is his crime! Nothing has he done worthy of death. At this their fury burſt out with a more violent flame, which being ſtill blow'd up by the voices of the enrag'd prieſts, the people, ſtammering, pale, and grinding their teeth, cry'd, with vengeful looks, Crucify him! crucify him! crucify him! Sion, and the forſaken temple on Moriah reſounded with the noiſe, whilſt their feet fill'd the air with duſt.

PILATE seeing that all his endeavours to ſave JESUS were in vain, contrary to the ſpirit of a Roman, paſs'd ſentence upon him whom he had declar'd innocent. Struck with fear, he had before left the judgment ſeat, but now aſcending it again, a ſlave, by his command, brought him a veſſel of Corinthian braſs, in which was ſilver fountain, when making a ſign to the people, they, with a mixture of perplexity and wonder, ſtood looking at him in ſilence. Then letting the water run from the fountain, PILATE ſolemnly waſh'd his hands before the multitude. The angel which once in ancient times paſs'd over the dwellings in the land of Goſhen, ſparing thoſe that were ſprinkled with the blood of the lamb, now, arm'd with the terrors of GOD, hover'd over Judea, to devote the people to utter deſtruction, and fixing his eyes on the countenance of the divine MESSIAH, there perceiv'd their rejection, accompany'd with a tear. Then that angel of death began thoſe words of the curſe, which proclaim through Heaven the ſentence of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE, when

nations are ripe for deſtruction. His voice ſeem'd like the ſound of earthquakes, the remote harbingers of death. Then he engrav'd the ſentence on an iron tablet, and plac'd it on the JUDGE's throne.

PILATE, making a ſign to the ſlave to retire, again addreſs'd himſelf to the multitude, crying, Ye furious and inexorable men, I am innocent of the blood of this juſt perſon. See ye to it. On which pronouncing ſentence on themſelves, they cry'd, His blood be upon us and our children. Pale horror, ſepulchral ſilence, and a cold ſhivering, follow'd the words: but not remorſe.

Now PILATE having order'd the crowd to make way, they open'd to form a paſſage, and JESUS was taken into the judgment hall to be ſcourg'd, while BARABBAS being ſet at liberty, join'd the multitude. The ſavage murderer, on finding that he was free from his chains, ſhook himſelf, and leaping, ſhouted forth his obſtreporous joy. He ſtood ſtill; he was ſilent: he ran; he again ſtopp'd: the people trembled, and wherever he came, drove

back. Yet Philo gaz'd upon him with pleaſure. He too would have gladly accompany'd the Redeemer: but it not being lawful for him at that time to enter the judgment hall, he walk'd before the door, and often ſtopp'd to liſten. With joy would he have ſeen his ſufferings: with joy and triumph would he have heard the voice of his pain.

But, O thou muſe of Sion! who from the divine, the ſuffering Redeemer, didſt turn away thy face of grief, ſing in mournful ſtrains, the ſcourge, the reed, the purple mantle, and the crown!

The guard, a brutal band, aſſembling round him, rudely ſtripp'd off his garment. Thus in the parch'd deſart where no refreſhing ſtream gladdens the plain, and diſpenſes fertility, the furious winds ſtrip off the leaves from a ſolitary tree, that had oft afforded ſhelter to the faint and weary traveller. They then drag the Lord of Life, and bind him to a pillar. The blood follows every ſtroke. The precious blood of the holy, the benevolent Jesus, in crimſon ſtreams falls down

his back. Thou Elon, at the dreadful ſight, ſunk down, and, with the humiliation of a mortal, lay proſtrate in the duſt. At length, laying aſide the bluſhing ſcourge, and looſing him from the pillar, on his ſhoulders they hang a purple robe; in his hand they put a reed, and preſs upon his drooping head an encircling crown of thorns, from which the drops of blood fall trickling round. Then bowing with inſulting mockery—But the trembling harp drops from my feeble hand, and my faultering voice in vain attempts to ſing all the ſufferings of the eternal Son.

Pilate ſeeing the calmneſs with which the divine, the humble Jesus bore pain and inſult, once more endeavour'd to fill the people with the commiſeration he himſelf felt, and, giving a ſign to the Redeemer, went out of the judgment hall, follow'd with a faint and feeble ſtep by the patient all-gracious Sufferer. The multitude ſeeing them coming, again preſs'd forward, till Pilate, having commanded ſilence, cry'd aloud, Ye men of *Iſrael*, I

bring him out once more, to inform you, that he has done nothing worthy of death. Then Jesus advancing nearer, they had a full view of him in his purple robe and bloody crown. Pilate now stretching out his hand, and looking first on Jesus, and then on them, in a compassionate accent cry'd, Behold the Man! At this instant the great Redeemer gave orders to the angels, which trembling, hover'd round him: for his divine looks needed not words to express to them their meaning: they instantly read this gracious command, Give to my disciples, and all my faithful followers, internal and celestial consolations, when I on the uplifted cross shall bleed and die, and lie among those that sleep in death!

Pilate was still desirous of impressing the minds of the people with sentiments of compassion: but soon they shew'd their insensibility to all the tender feelings of humanity: for the clamours of the cruel priests were a constant prelude to the loud cry of, Crucify him! crucify him! At length being fill'd with indignation, Pi-

LATE haſtily anſwer'd, Take him away then, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him, and then, angrily turning from them, went away.

CAIAPHAS, now haſting after the Roman, ſaid, O PILATE! we have a law, and by that law he ought to die, becauſe he has made himſelf the SON OF GOD. At hearing the words, the SON OF GOD, PILATE trembled, and taking JESUS back to the judgment hall, with anxious ſolicitude, cry'd, Tell me whence art thou? JESUS made no anſwer, at which the governor being offended, ſaid, Speakeſt thou not to me? Knoweſt thou not that I have power to crucify, and power to releaſe thee? Then the MESSIAH calmly anſwer'd, No power couldſt thou have againſt me, were it not given thee from above, therefore they that deliver'd me to thee have the greater ſin.

PILATE went then back to the aſſembled people, when reading, in his reſentful geſtures, the motives to his return, they cry'd aloud, If thou, O PILATE! releaſeſt this man, thou art not CÆSAR's

friend——Whoſoever maketh himſelf a king, rebels againſt Cæsar. The governor provok'd, and ſtruck with double fear, wanted the reſolution to ſupport his dignity; and only anſwer'd with mockery and a contemptuous ſneer, What, ſhall I crucify your king? On which the chief prieſts haſtily reply'd, We have no king but Cæsar.

Now the multitude ſurrounded the divine Jesus, and proudly in ſavage triumph led him to death, while the puſillanimous Roman withdrew into his palace.

The End of the Seventh Book.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA comes from the throne of GOD, and proclaims that now the REDEEMER is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round Mount Calvary, alſo nam'd Golgotha. Then, having conſecrated that hill, he worſhips the MESSIAH. GABRIEL conducts the ſouls of the fathers from the ſun to the Mount of Olives, and ADAM addreſſes the earth. SATAN and ADRAMELECH, hovering in triumph, are put to flight by ELOA. JESUS is nail'd to the croſs. The thoughts of ADAM. The converſion of one of the malefactors. URIEL places a planet before the ſun, and then conducts to the earth the ſouls of all the future generations of mankind. EVE, ſeeing them coming, addreſſes them. ELOA aſcends to Heaven. EVE is affected at ſeeing MARY. Two angels of death fly round the croſs. EVE addreſſes the SAVIOUR, and the ſouls of the children yet unborn.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VIII.

COME thou who, on Sion's ſacred mount, haſt oft beheld the moſt holy of the high celeſtial choir: thou who from him haſt learn'd what the eternal SPIRIT taught, now ſing the dying SAVIOUR, the greateſt of the dead. Come, O muſe of Sion! divine inſtructreſs! come—trembling thyſelf, lead thy trembling votary—lead me to the awful crucifixion. Fill'd with holy terror, I would ſee the expiring REDEEMER; behold his fix'd eyes, his pallid cheek, his open wounds, his precious blood!—— Ah! he faints, he bleeds, he reclines his drooping head! he bleeds, he faints, his eyes are clos'd in darkneſs! ſpeechleſs is he who form'd the tongue, and dead is the LORD OF LIFE!

From the preſence of the ALMIGHTY FATHER, ELOA darted down with flight more ſmift than rays of light, beaming from the bright orb of day: even the immortals could ſcarce diſcern his rapid courſe. In his left hand he held a celeſtial crown, and in his right, a golden trumpet, from which he breath'd heavenly notes, while all the ſpheres join'd their harmony. Then the exalted ſeraph ſang in ſtrains melliflu-ous and ſublime:

Rejoice, ye ſons of Heaven, rejoice! and all ye celeſtial ſpirits, whether ſeated on the flaming ſuns, or encompaſſing the throne of the great OMNIPOTENT, join, with ſoft commiſeration and exalted joy, to celebrate the great Sabbath of redeem-ing love. Join all ye ſpirits in wonder and in praiſe. Rejoice, the hour is come—the gloomy hour, in which the LORD OF LIFE will die for man. The gracious victim is already on his way. Join all ye heavenly hoſts, in rapturous ſtrains, to celebrate his love to man.

His voice ſpread through the Heavens. The bleſſed ſpirits had already anticipated

the awful, the joyful ſound. ELOA inſtantly hover'd over Mount Calvary, while the angels of the earth haſten'd round him. He call'd, and about him they form'd a radiant circle, cloſe arrang'd, extending far and wide. Then, leaving the centre of this reſplendent ring, he deſcended on the top of the mount. Thrice, with awful reverence, he bow'd his face to the duſt, then ſtanding erect, extended his hands, and caſt his eyes down on the MESSIAH, who, amidſt inſulting crowds, was ſlowly moving towards Calvary, groaning under the weight of the ponderous croſs. Then ELOA ſtretched out his arms over the mount, crying, Hear, ye Heavens, and rejoice! Thou Hell give ear and tremble! In the name of the all-gracious FATHER, whoſe ſovereign goodneſs laid the plan of mercy; in that of the great, the ſuffering REDEEMER, who, full of benignity and ſoft compaſſion, is coming here to bleed and die, and in that of the HOLY SPIRIT, the Sanctifier, the Comforter of repentant ſinners, by whom they ſhall be led into all truth, thee, O mount, I conſecrate for the

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death of the Son. Holy, holy, holy is he who was, and is, and is to come!

Thus did Eloa conſecrate the mount, while over-powering amazement dim'd the effulgence of the great immortal, who now ſeeing the Son of Man near the mount, bending with tottering ſtep, under the galling croſs; a heavy burden for ſhoulders torn by cruel ſtripes! he proſtrated himſelf on the parch'd graſs, and with folded hands, thus pour'd out his ſoul.

O thou who draweſt near to thy altar, to die the moſt ignominious, and therefore the moſt aſtoniſhing, the moſt glorious of all deaths! Thou Friend of Man, Creator, yet Child of Bethlehem, born of a race doom'd to the grave!—Thou weepeſt, while to thee we ſing triumphant hymns. Thou humbleſt thyſelf ſo low as to ſuffer on Golgotha. The heavenly hoſt are loſt in wonder, while rapt in the contemplation of thy love to man. O thou Son of God! the incarnate Messiah, once immortal! the Accomplisher of all that is amazing, higheſt, beſt!—of all that is

moſt glorious, moſt admirable, moſt divine! the Restorer of innocence! the Lamb of God, which taketh away the ſins of the world! the Reviver of the dead! the Destroyer of death everlaſting! the Judge of the earth! Hear my lowly ſupplications, attend to the voice that addreſſes thee from the duſt on which thou art to bleed. O thou Saviour of man, when thine eyes fail, when the paleneſs of death overſpreads thy face, when the Heavens ſhall trembling paſs away, and the ſun withdraw his light, then from the overſhadowing night, in which thy life departs, ſtrengthen me, O thou great Accomplisher of the redemption of man!—ſtrengthen me, that I, helpleſs, trembling, and forlorn, may not ſink among the ſepulchres of the earth—and when in the hovering twilight, the convuls'd creation ſhall appear to ſwim before my diſorder'd ſight, may I ſee thee expire! O death of the Son, how near doſt thou approach! From the firſt who became mortal, till the laſt of the race of Adam, the happy influences of thy death, O thou Messiah! ſhall ex-

tend, and all arise at the sound of the last trump. Hail, ye redeem'd, who shall come rejoicing, having wash'd your robes, and made them white in the blood of the LAMB!

ELOA now arose, and around Calvary marshall'd the angels of the earth in wide extended circles. They assembled on low and floating clouds, that cover'd the broad summit of the mountain, or hover'd in deep contemplation above the cedars, moving with their waving tops. He himself stood on a pinnacle of the temple. A mighty host encompass'd the mount: these were the dispensers of the providence of the OMNIPOTENT. Here were the angels of death and of judgment, the guardians of mankind, and of the future Christians, who, when they have the care of the martyrs, have the chief place at his throne, for whom the palm-bearing martyrs die.

Mean while GABRIEL, whom the divine SUFFERER had sent to the sun, alighted at URIEL's residence, and standing before the souls of the parents of mankind, thus address'd them:

Draw near ye parents of the human race, and behold your Saviour. Here, with his trembling right hand he directed their sight, and then added: The Redeemer is dragging his cross; near the foot of the hill of death! On its summit, ye shall behold him bleeding on that torturing cross for you, and for your children!—O ye redeem'd! he goes—he hastens to prepare eternal life for generations yet unborn!

Thus spake the seraph, and then flew towards the earth. Silent with mingled grief and joy the human spirits follow: they haste: their celerity can only be surpass'd by the ideas of the devout soul ranging with holy rapture from star to star. Gabriel led the radiant band, and now their gliding feet tread the Mount of Olives, on which Adam alighting first, sunk down, and kiss'd the earth.

O earth! maternal land! said he, do I again behold thee! How many ages are pass'd away, since at my death, or rather my revival to a nobler, a better life, thou receiv'dst my frail cumbrous body into thy peaceful bosom! Never since that in-

ful—happy moment have I trod on thy ſurface. Thy boſom is now fill'd with the remains of my offspring. I ſalute thee, O earth! I ſalute you, ye remains of the dead, my children. Ye ſhall awake! Yes, my dear children, ye ſhall awake! The hours approach that ſhall deliver the earth from the curſe brought upon it by my ſin, and at length your duſt, my children, riſing, ſhall bleſs the gracious SAVIOUR, who now dies for you and me. Behold the incarnate MESSIAH, the earth-born CREATOR comes! — Behold he comes to die—to die for you!

Thus ſpake the firſt of men; then ſilently looking towards Calvary, a heavenly melancholy, a ſacred awe, thrill'd thro' his whole etherial frame.

On the temple ſtood ELOA, whence he deſcry'd the crowd of happy human ſouls that deſcended with GABRIEL. Then turning his face, he perceiv'd on high over the croſs, SATAN and ADRAMELECH wheeling about with looks of wild exultation: SATAN tranſported with the work he ſhould ſoon accompliſh, and

both pleas'd with the thoughts of future deeds, productive of miſery. He ſees them above the clouds of the moving earth, with immenſe circuits, meaſuring the vaſt empyreal vault. Eloa, now veſted in his full glory, riſes from the temple towards the immortal offenders, array'd in all the luſtre of this moſt ſolemn day, and ſurrounded by the terrors of the Most High. Before him light breezes became bellowing ſtorms, and his progreſs was as the march of an army, under whoſe feet the rocks tremble. The mighty ſound, and no leſs awful effulgence of the celeſtial ſpirit, proclaim'd his approach. The apoſtates ſaw and heard him coming; they ſtrove in vain, to conceal their confuſion: they ſtopp'd and became ſtill of more ſable hue. So in the abyſs of the loweſt Hell ſtand two rocks, cover'd with the darkeſt nocturnal gloom. With one ſtroke of his extended wings, the ſeraph then reach'd the ſpirits accurs'd and thus, with commanding voice, ſpake: Ye whoſe names are mention'd in the abyſs be gone. Ye ſee the luminous circle of the pure, the exalted

immortals; fly, and free the ſacred place from your profane preſence. The extent of the moſt diſtant radiance of the bleſs'd ſhall indicate your limits: within the compaſs of their beams, preſume not either to ſoar above the clouds, or to creep along the duſt of the earth.

Thus the ſeraph deliver'd his commands. But as when two ſtorms deſcend in black clouds on two of the mountains of the Alps, the rapid thunder burſts in their boſoms, and rolls through the winding valleys; ſo the proud infernal ſpirits prepare to anſwer ELOA. All the terrors of rage, all the rancour of revenge, gather in the wrinkles of their brows, and flaſh from their flaming eyes: but ELOA beholding them with majeſtic look, and ſtedfaſt gaze, check'd the thunder ere it burſt, crying, with a commanding voice, Be ye ſilent—fly.—Did I come with that triumphant ſtrength, with which I am indu'd by the OMNIPOTENT, my thunder, hurl'd from this uplifted arm, ſhould drive ye beyond the bounds of the wide creation. But I come in the name of the SON of ADAM,

who there bears his croſs and in the name of that Conqueror of Hell and Death, command you to fly. They fled: but firſt chang'd blacker than the gloom of midnight, and were purſu'd by terrors, which drove them aſide among the ruins of Gomorrah in the Dead Sea. With joy the angels and the ſouls of the bleſs'd ſaw their diſgraceful flight, while ELOA, array'd in all his glory, deſcended on one of the pinnacles of the temple.

The holy JESUS was come to the hill of death, when, faint with ſuffering and fatigue, he ſunk under the burthen of the cumberous croſs. The blood-thirſty multitude then forc'd a fearful traveller, who had juſt deſcended the declivity, to bear the croſs. Among thoſe who followd, ſome ſoft and gentle minds, free from rage, beheld him with compaſſion, and lamented his fate: yet their hearts being attach'd to vanity, ſcarcely did they know whom they pity'd. This ſorrow, fleeting and tranſitory as a morning dream, aroſe from no devout ſenſation of ſoul. JESUS heard their lamentations, and

turning towards them, ſaid, Why do ye weep, O ye daughters of Jeruſalem? Weep not for me: but weep for yourſelves, and for your children: for the day of diſtreſs and anguiſh approaches; the dreadful day, when they ſhall ſay, Bleſſed are the barren! the womb that never bare, and the breaſt that never gave ſuck! Then will they ſay to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us. For if this be done to me, what ſhall be done to the ſinner?

Having at length reach'd the ſummit of the hill, JESUS lifts up his eyes to the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Meanwhile the executioners take the croſs, and ſet it up among the bones of the dead. Now the ſolemn day ſhines with fainter light; yet ſtill the ſmalleſt of the animal creation ſport in the extended fields of vital air. Soon the earth gently trembles through its depths profound; whirling ſtorms ſweep along its defac'd ſurface, and howl through its hollow caverns: the croſs ſhakes, and near it ſtands the PRINCE OF PEACE.

Adam on perceiving him, could no longer contain his tranſports: with glowing cheek, and hair flying back, he ran to the outer ſlope of the mountain: then ſunk to the earth, while the celeſtial radiance, which beam'd from his immortal eyes, was dimm'd. He lay diſſolv'd in tears of joy, and love, and gratitude, which were mingled with a flood of ſorrow and amazement. While all theſe paſſions, in pleaſing confuſion, ruſh'd upon his ſoul, his thoughts burſt into ſpeech, and the angelic circle heard his ſuppliant voice, when caſting his eyes around, he thus ſpake:

O thou Son! thou Saviour! thou the great Messiah, and my Lord! the immortals mourn, when abſorb'd in thy love, they, with ſilent admiration, mention thy thouſand thouſand glories, thus eclips'd—thus brighten'd by thy ſufferings? Ah I call thee Son; then ſtruck with wonder, pauſe and weep with them! Jesus my Son!—rapture is in the thought! Whither—Oh whither ſhall I retire to bear the pleaſing—joyful grief of this inexpreſſible ſalvation?

O ye angels who were before me, yet not before him, look down—with wonder and amaze, look dowh on Jesus my Son! Thee, O earth, I bleſs, and thee, O duſt, from which I was form'd!—O joy!—thou plenitude of joys eternal, that fill all the deſires of the immortals! Oh the great, the profound, the heavenly plan! It was thine, O Jehovah!—thine was the glorious, the gracious plan of redemption! thy loving-kindneſs and compaſſion exceed the ideas of the rapt ſeraph!—and thou, O Jesus! didſt leave the ſplendor that ſurrounds thy throne, and all the pure, the refin'd, the ineffable delights of Heaven, to deſcend to earth—to become my Son—to redeem my offspring from the power of ſin—to perfect redemption for man, by obtaining a glorious victory over temptations, ſufferings, and death! Thus doſt thou bruiſe the ſerpent's head. Rejoice, O my immortal ſoul! in the wonders of his love—eternal praiſes are due to him, who by his ſufferings and death for us procures eternal felicity! Stand ſtill, ye immortal ſouls, and wondering, behold this abyſs—this wide abyſs of joy!

What, ye Heavens, are the moments of a mortal life to the joys of immortality? Yet each of theſe is divine—each moment when well employ'd, bears on its rapid wings eternal repoſe! This ſhall I——this ſhall you, my children, enjoy! Lend me your voice, ye celeſtial ſpirits, that through the whole creation I may aloud proclaim, that the great REDEEMER is now entering the ſhadow of death. Ariſe mankind from the ſqualid earth—ariſe, lift up your heads; come and waſh your ſouls in tears of pity, love, and joy! The MESSIAH your CREATOR! BROTHER! FRIEND! is on the verge of the opening grave. Ye, my children, are his beloved; for you he dies! Come, all ye my children, to your dying REDEEMER—ye who dwell in palaces roof'd with gold, lay down your crowns and come—Ye cottagers leave your lowly hurdled huts, and come. Alas! they hear not my voice—they hear not the voice of love—O thou who offereſt thyſelf a willing ſacrifice, let me with overflowing gratitude,

forever admire thy condeſcending love. Complete—oh complete, thou gracious SUFFERER, the mighty work. And now—But ah! what inexpreſſible melancholy ruſhes upon my heart!—What ſympathetic ſorrow penetrates the deep receſſes of my ſoul! Now, O JESUS! thou entereſt the diſmal path of death! Strengthen, O ETERNAL FATHER! me, the firſt of ſinners, who have already ſeen corruption, that with melting ſoul, I may behold my SON, my LORD, die—die for repenting ſinners!

ADAM was ſilent. In the mean time the mighty, the humble SUFFERER approach'd nearer to the croſs, and lifting up his hand, held it before his face, then bowing low, ſaid what no angel heard, nor no creature underſtood: but JEHOVAH from his lofty throne, now environ'd with ſable clouds, anſwer'd. The words of the MOST HIGH reach'd the diſtant limits of the wide expanſe of Heaven, and the throne of judgment trembled. The executioners came up to the REDEEMER: then all the worlds, with wide extended roar,

ſtopp'd at the points of their orbits, whence they were to proclaim the redemption. They ſtood ſtill: the thunder of the poles dy'd away, and ſunk into ſilence: ſilent was the whole motionleſs creation, ſhewing to all under Heaven the hour of ſacrifice. Thou alſo, O world of ſinners and of graves, ſtood ſtill! Now the angels, array'd in all their unfading glories, look'd down. JEHOVAH himſelf look'd down, and ſupported the ſinking earth: he look'd down on JESUS, whom, with barbarous hands, they nail'd to the croſs.

As when almighty death overſpreads the creation, and throughout a world of corruption ſilent ſleeps, no living being ſtanding on the duſt of the dead; ſo, in ſolemn ſilence, the angels, and thine Omnipotent FATHER, O crucify'd JESUS! look'd on thee. When thy blood firſt ſtarted forth from thy hands and feet, then the amazement of the ſeraphim grew too ſtrong for ſilence, they burſt into mingled ſounds of exultation and mourning. Now were the Heavens fill'd with new adorations. Once

more, and again once more, Eloa caſt his wondering eyes on the bleeding Jesus; and then with a dignity with which he had never appear'd to any of the immortals, in an extaſy of admiration, he flew into the Heaven of Heavens, and with a voice that reſembled the ſound made by the ſtars in their circular courſes, cry'd, The blood of the Saviour flows! Then flying into the immenſe abyſs, he repeated, The blood of the Saviour flows! He next, with more calm aſtoniſhment, bends his courſe to the earth. As he return'd thro' the region of creation, he ſaw the archangels on the ſuns; worſhipping they ſtood, while from their golden altars a flame aroſe, like the crimſon bluſh of the morning, and aſcended to the Judge's throne. Beneath, through the wide creation, ſacrifices blaz'd, as types of the bleeding ſacrifice on the croſs. Thus the ſeventy elders of God's choſen people ſaw on Sinai the appearance of the glory of the Most High: or thus aroſe the ſacred cloud, and pillar of fire from the tabernacle, to guide the people on their way.

Still the god-like Saviour bleeds; and looking down with divine benignity and grace on the people of Judea, who were crowded together in one great throng from Jeruſalem to the croſs, he meekly cry'd, Father forgive them; for they know not what they do!

Silent amazement accompany'd the voice of love through the crowded multitude. They lift up their faces to the bleeding Redeemer, and behold him overſpread with a deadly paleneſs. This was all that mortal eyes could ſee. The ſouls of the pious dead ſaw diviner, more myſterious things. They obſerv'd his ſtruggling life, which Death could not deſtroy, had not he borne a commiſſion from the Supreme Sovereign of all. They perceiv'd what convulſive terrors ſhook his mortal frame, while forſaken by his Almighty Father, he hung on the lofty croſs! How great the ſalvation procur'd by thoſe purple ſtreams! What love and compaſſion were ſhewn by his bearing his cruel wounds! Behold, he lifts up his eyes to

Heaven, ſeeking eaſe from pain! but no eaſe he found, every moment repeated the moſt dreadful death. With him, as a farther debaſement, were crucify'd two malefactors, one on his right hand, the other on his left. Of theſe, one an obdurate ſinner, grown grey in guilt, turning his ſullen diſtorted face to the MEDIATOR, cry'd, If thou be CHRIST, ſave thyſelf and us, and come down from the accurſed tree.

The other criminal was in all the vigour of blooming youth: he was not abandon'd, though he had been ſeduc'd by ſin; and now riſing ſuperior to his tortures, he boldly reprov'd his fellow ſufferer, crying, Ah, doſt thou not fear GOD, when death —when condemnation are ſo near? What we ſuffer, alas! we ſuffer juſtly for our crimes; but this man, added he, looking on JESUS, has committed no crime. Then writhing his body towards the REDEEMER, he ſtrove to ſhow his veneration, by lowly bowing his head. The effort tore his lengthening wounds, and the blood guſh'd forth in larger ſtreams; but diſregarding the pain, and the ſtreaming

blood, bending ſtill lower, he cry'd, Lord, remember me, when thou entereſt into thy kingdom.

The Mediator, with a divine ſmile, beaming benignity and grace, look'd on the agonizing ſinner, and, with a gentle voice, reply'd, This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe. With devout trembling the malefactor heard the reviving words, which thrill'd through his ſoul. With bliſsful extaſy his eyes, which ſwam in tears of joy, remain'd fix'd on the divine Sufferer, the Friend of man, and till his faultering ſpeech began to fail, he attempted in broken ſentences, to expreſs his new and exalted ſenſations, the delightful foretaſte of eternal felicity. What was I? Oh what am I now? cry'd he, with a look of tranſport, that baniſh'd from his face the traces of pain. Such miſery before, and now ſuch joy! Oh this extatic tremor! —theſe ſweet—theſe rapturous ſenſations! What dawning felicity breaks in upon my ſoul! Who is he that hangs next me on the croſs? Is he a pious, a juſt, a

holy prophet?—He is much more—ah, much more—ſurely he is the Son of God, the Messiah, ſent from Heaven! His kingdom then is far—far exalted above the earth! O ye men and angels, this is the promis'd Messiah! Yet how deeply does he humble himſelf! He ſtoops to ſuffer this painful death! he ſtoops ſtill lower—he ſtoops to ſave me! How incomprehenſible! Oh be thou ever belov'd by me, while, loſt in wonder, I cannot comprehend this grace! Greater art thou than the higheſt angel; for, ſurely an angel could not thus have transform'd my ſoul—could not, with ſecret rapture, have rais'd it to God! Yes, thou art the divine Messiah, and thine—thine I ſhall be for ever!

Thus he ſpake, and then hung abſorb'd in ſilent rapturous aſtoniſhment. Whenever he caſt up his eyes towards Heaven, or on the extended earth, all ſeem'd to ſmile. The peace of God had reſted upon him. At a glance from the Redeemer one of the ſeraphim haſtily left the circle which encompaſs'd Calvary, and ſtood

under the croſs. The import of the divine look was, Thou ſeraph bring the redeem'd to me, after his death. He inſtantly return'd to the angelic circle. This was the invincible ABDIEL, who by the appointment of the MOST HIGH was now an angel of death, and kept the gate of hell. Inſtantly troops of other angels ſurrounded him, and aſk'd his commiſſion. ABDIEL with tranſport anſwer'd, I receiv'd orders, after the death of that criminal, to conduct him to the MESSIAH, who hath given him ſalvation. The delightful taſk fills me with ſweeteſt joy. A ſinner is deliver'd, and deliver'd in the hour when the gracious SAVIOUR is bleeding—is dying for man! To conduct this purify'd ſoul, thus prepar'd for Heaven, to its REDEEMER is a delightful taſk! Congratulate me, O ye angels! on the bliſsful office.

Here the tranſported ſeraph ceas'd. URIEL, the angel of the ſun, had long ſtood prepar'd for his progreſſive flight; and now the time was come for executing the commands he had receiv'd. Radiant he aroſe, and proceeded through the Hea-

vens, with ſteady wing, to a remote planet, which the OMNIPOTENT had order'd him to place before the ſun, that the life of the divine REDEEMER might expire under a more awful covert than that of the night. Already the ſeraph ſtood over the pole of the ſtar—of that ſtar where dwell the ſouls who, before their birth, are remov'd into the momentary mortal life of probation. There URIEL look'd down on the ſouls of future generations, and calling the ſtar by its immortal name, thus ſpake:

Adamida, he who has aſſign'd thee thy ſtation, commands thee to leave thine orbit, and to place thyſelf oppoſite to that ſun, then ſoaring upwards, thou art to ſhroud his light.

The heavenly orbs heard the commanding voice reverberate from the mountains of Adamida. The ſtar tremulous turn'd its thundering poles, and the whole creation reſounded; when, with terrific haſte, Adamida, in obedience to the divine command, flew amidſt overwhelming ſtorms, ruſhing clouds, falling mountains, and ſwelling ſeas. URIEL ſtood on the pole

of the ſtar, but ſo loſt in deep contemplation on Golgotha, that he heard not the wild tumultuous roar. Its progreſs was like that of the thunder. Now, O ſun! it had reach'd thy region. At the ſight of the new ſolar orb, the tender human ſouls were fill'd with aſtoniſhment, and rais'd themſelves above the planet's aſcending clouds. Adamida then ſlacken'd her courſe, and advanc'd before the diſk of the ſun, imbibing his remoteſt beams.

The earth was ſilent at the deſcending twilight, and as the gloom increas'd, deeper was the ſilence. Terrifying ſhades and palpable darkneſs came on. The birds ceas'd their notes, and ſought the thickeſt groves: the very inſects hurry'd to their retreats, and the wild beaſts of the deſarts fled to their lonely dens. A death-like ſtillneſs reign'd thro' the air. The human race, ſtanding aghaſt, look'd up to Heaven. The darkneſs became ſtill more dark. What a night in the midſt of day! The intercepting planet had, to all human eyes, extinguiſh'd the ſun! How terrifying the awful night which thus involv'd in ſable

darkneſs the extended fields, and was render'd doubly terrible by this ſolemn ſilence!

But Jesus, amidſt the terrifying gloom, hung unterrify'd on the hidden croſs. While the ſweat of death trickled down, with his dying blood thou earth waſt aſtoniſh'd. Not more diſmay'd ſtands an affectionate friend by the grave of the worthy object of his eſteem, ſnatch'd from him in early youth: or the warm admirer of virtue at the moulder'd marble tomb of the patriot, while, with abſtractive attitude he dwells on the ſacred ruins. With no dry eye he mourns, grief and ſoft concern excite emotions that ſhake his whole frame, and raiſe a tempeſt in his ſympathizing ſoul. In ſuch diſmay thou, O earth, then lay, and thus didſt ſhake. The foundations of Golgotha quak'd: the darken'd croſs trembled, and widen'd the wounds of the divine Sufferer, while his life iſſu'd forth in larger ſtreams. Now ſtood the multitude, fix'd by deep-rooted horror, wildly gazing towards the croſs. Dreadfully flow'd the ſacred blood, by them unjuſtly ſhed. On them it came, and on their

children. Fain would they have turn'd aſide their faces; but irreſiſtibly impell'd by terror, their eyes were continually directed towards the bloody croſs.

Uriel, having ſtill another command to execute, deſcended from the pole of fix'd Adamida, to the unborn ſouls on its ſurface. They ſaw the celeſtial intelligence approach; already were they in bodies of the human form, tho' of an etherial texture, ting'd with the gay ſplendor of a ruddy evening cloud. Follow me, ſaid Ithuriel: I come from the great Eternal, to take you to yonder earth, overſhadow'd by the world on which you live. Ye ſhall ſee the Saviour of man—your Saviour: but yet ye know him not. A remote beam of immortal felicity will dart upon you. Follow me, ye bleſs'd, who, when born, will become candidates for immortal life, and all the joys of Heaven.—Come and behold the awful ſolemnity. To him who now dies on the croſs, every knee ſhall at length bow, and every tongue confeſs that he is Lord and Redeemer.

The conducting ſpirit extended his wings, and flew encompaſs'd by the ſouls. As when the pious ſage, fond of meditation, and high celeſtial converſe, haſtes by moon-light into a lonely wood, there in devout raptures to contemplate on thee, O thou Infinite and Supreme! while a thouſand new, enlarg'd, and ſublime ideas crowd on his glowing mind: ſo amidſt the ſouls, the tranſported ſeraph, rapt in thought, ſpeeds his way, and draws near to the earth.

The progenitors of mankind ſaw the numberleſs band coming in the high duſky clouds: myriads of myriads of immortals; a majeſtic train of thinking beings, that have exiſted ever ſince the creation! Now for the firſt time the mother of men, aſtoniſh'd, turn'd from the croſs her attentive eye. The children come—they come! all the unborn—the Chriſtians come! Thus ſpake the general mother to the father of men. But ſoon ſhe again fix'd her eyes on the bloody croſs, adding, Theſe are my immortals!—But ah, by what name do they call thee, O thou who bleedeſt, who

dyeſt for them! With what hoſannas ſhall they hymn thee, thus disfigur'd with wounds? Oh that you, ye children of ſalvation!—ye Chriſtians! were now born; that thouſands and thouſands of weeping mothers led you to the croſs! Oh that you already knew the moſt holy of thoſe born of women: him who when he firſt enter'd this mortal ſtate, wept at Bethlehem—But O ADAM! they will know him, they will know the dear SAVIOUR, the SON of the ETERNAL! But as the flower whoſe ſtalk is broken by the boiſterous wind, hangs its ſtill beauteous head and dies, ſo ſome of you, my belov'd children, will fall by the murderous ſword of perſecution; and hanging your heads, will ſmile in death. You happy martyrs, your mother congratulates. Ye are the choſen, the exalted witneſſes of the greateſt and moſt important of all deaths. O ye glorious ſufferers for the cauſe of truth, of virtue, of your REDEEMER! Your pale and hollow cheeks, and all the look of languor, will aſſume the ſoft bluſh of celeſtial beauty: Your wounds will ſhine

with refulgent ſplendor: your dying groans be chang'd to ſweeteſt ſtrains of heavenly harmony, and rapturous ſongs of joy and triumph.

The divine Jesus now liſting up his eyes, fill'd with celeſtial love, beheld the unborn ſouls: his look drew forth a ſacred tear on every cheek, and each ſoul trembling with holy awe, felt new ſenſations.

Now the colour of life inſtantaneouſly fluſh'd on the face of the dying Jesus; but as inſtantaneouſly vaniſh'd, never to return: his faded cheeks became ſunk, and his head hung on his breaſt: with difficulty he rais'd it up towards Heaven; but unable to ſuſtain its weight, ſoon it dropp'd. The pendant ſky form'd an arch round Golgotha, more ſilent and dreadful than the ſepulchral vault, and ſable clouds of wide extent hung over the croſs. In an inſtant the ſilence ceas'd, and a noiſe uſher'd in by no murmuring ſound, ſuddenly burſt from the earth, with a roar ſo tremendous, that the ſepulchres of the dead, and the pinacles of the temple ſhook.

This was the fore-runner of a tempeſt, which, ruſhing on the lofty cedars, tore them up by the roots, and made the towers of Jeruſalem quake. Then loud thunder roll'd thro' the ſky, and the deafning clap burſting over the Dead Sea, its affrighted waters foam'd, and the heavens and the earth trembled.

Silence, with ſteady foot, again ſtood on the earth, again the gloom began to diſperſe, and the unborn, the human race, and the dead, ſpeechleſs gaz'd on the REDEEMER. Mean while our general mother, with ſoothing Melancholy, now her ſweet companion, view'd the divine SAVIOUR, under his lingering death. On beholding him, her eyes were dimm'd by obſcuring affliction, and ſoft ſympathetic ſorrow. The MESSIAH now downward bent his looks on a fair mortal, whom with fix'd regard he view'd, while ſhe with drooping head, and a countenance pale and mournful, trembling, ſtood at the foot of the croſs, involv'd in ſilent ſorrow: her eyes fix'd by grief on the ground, ſhed no tears; for the kind relief of thoſe heart-

eaſing drops was withheld. This, ſaid the firſt of women, is ſurely the Saviour's mother—Thy grief, O my Daughter, tells me that thou art ſhe who bore thy Lord and mine.—Thou art Mary. What thou now feel'ſt, I felt for my dear murder'd Abel, when he lay breathleſs, with his own blood diſtain'd—How I pity thee—thy grief equals what I then felt, O thou tender mother of my dear dying Jesus! Thus to herſelf ſhe ſpake, while, with an affectionate look, her eyes hung on Mary: nor yet had they left her beloved daughter, had not two angels of death, with awful, ſolemn flight, approach'd from the eaſt. Silent, and ſlow they came. Deſtruction ſat on their faces, and their veſture was the gloom of night. Sent by the Supreme Lord, they approach'd the croſs, and ſo tremendous was their appearance, that the ſouls of the progenitors of the human race ſunk nearer to the earth, and images of death, with the terrors of ſepulchral corruption, hover'd round the immortals.

The angels of death ſtanding on the hill, face to face, view'd the dying Saviour, then one riſing to the right, and the other to the left, with ſounding pinions, ſeven times flew round the croſs. Two wings cover'd their feet, two trembling wings their faces, and with two they flew. Theſe, when expanded, ſent forth groans and ſighs, and ſounds of death. Dreadful the angels hover'd. The terrors of God ſat on their expanded wings, and ſeven times they flew around. The dying Jesus, raiſing his languid head, look'd at the angels of death, then caſt up his eyes to Heaven, and cry'd, with a voice which none but his almighty Father heard, Ah ceaſe to encreaſe the torture of theſe wounds! O my God forbear! Inſtantly the two angels bent their airy flight towards Heaven; but firſt caſt a dreadful look on Jeruſalem, and on her inhabitants who ſtood around. On their aſcent they left the etherial ſpectators under deeper dejection, and penſiveneſs more profound. With diſorder'd countenances they ſtand looking on the graves, then at each other,

and then towards Heaven: but ſoon they again turn their faces to him who bleeds on the croſs. Innumerable they ſtand, and tho' every eye ſpeaks grief or conſternation, no immortal eyes expreſs ſuch tenderneſs as thoſe of the mother of men. She bows her head towards the earth, the grave of her deſcendants, and ſpreads her rais'd arms to Heaven. Now ſhe lays her mournful brow in the duſt: now folds her hands. She riſes, and earneſtly looks around. At length with faultering voice, ſhe gives utterance to her thoughts, and from her lips, immortal harmony flows forth in ſighs.

May I, O thou divine Messiah! preſume to call thee Son?—It was my crime that brought thee down from Heaven, and nail'd thee to the croſs. Had it not been for me, who have expos'd my offspring to ſin and death, thou wouldſt not have been my Son--thou wouldſt not now hang bleeding on thy gaping wounds: nor ever, ever die! What an exchange has my guilt brought on thee, O thou moſt loving and belov'd! thou haſt exchang'd bliſs for miſery! life and ineffable joy, for torment

unutterable, and all the agonies of expiring nature! I—alas! I was the cauſe! yet turn—turn not away from me thy dying eyes. Thine all-gracious FATHER, the prime ſource of goodneſs and of love, has condeſcended to forgive me--Thou too haſt pity'd—haſt forgiven me, O my REDEEMER, and the REDEEMER of my offspring! the high arch of Heaven reſounded, and the throne of the ETERNAL echo'd back thy praiſe, when thou, the belov'd of thy FATHER, offerd'ſt to give thy life for repentant ſinners, that we might enjoy life everlaſting.—And now thou dieſt—I ſtand abſolv'd by boundleſs grace—But thou dieſt! —This overwhelms my ſoul—It throws back immortality into the grave! O thou divine SAVIOUR, allow me to weep for thee, and forgive—forgive the ſoothing tears of an immortal! Yes, O thou dear REDEEMER! thou haſt forgiven me.—Forgive me, alſo, O my pious offspring! for when me, your laſt groans, when me, your dying ſighs curſe, as your murderer; then let your hearts bleſs me; for I am alſo

the mother of the Saviour, of the Prince of Grace, of the Author and the Finisher of your faith, who dies that you may live! Curse me not then, O my children! for I, when mortal, often shed the kindly tear for you, and when my struggling heart fail'd, for you I dying wept, and pour'd forth tears for those who, after me, were to sink into corruption. When ye now, O my pious, my virtuous children, expire, ye shall sleep in Jesus, and be convey'd to the realms of ineffable delight!—convey'd to him, whom ye now see bleeding on the cross! Then curse not your mother, O my children! for though I render'd you mortal, Jesus Christ is also my Son, and he will cloathe you with immortality! But, O my dear Lord! my Redeemer! my best Beloved! whose kindness and grace no words can express, thou diest! Oh that this sorrowful hour were pass'd, and that thou hadst escap'd from pain, to the felicity that awaits thee, at the right hand of the Majesty on High.—Now my dear Jesus bends his looks on

me! O ye ſeraphim rejoice, he turns his face to me! Let the gates of Heaven echo back the ſound, that the great, the divine REDEEMER once more turns his face to the mother of mortals! The joys of eternity already ſhine around me! I lift up my eyes to the MOST HIGH, the OMNIPOTENT GOD, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain; I ſtretch forth my hands to his beloved SON! the BRIGHTNESS of his FATHER's glory, the RESTORER of innocence! the REVIVER of the dead! the JUDGE of the earth! the REDEEMER of man! and with amazement attempt to expreſs my gratitude: but words cannot deſcribe what I feel: they are form'd to expreſs feebler ſenſations. My ſoul ſwells with rapture. I am loſt in tranſport, in extaſy, in joy unutterable! Bleſs the LORD, O my children! bleſs the great OMNIPOTENT, the original ſource of joy, of love, of happineſs! Oh pour out your ſouls in grateful praiſe to the LORD, your REDEEMER, and FRIEND. By his bloody ſweat in Gethſemane; by thoſe

wounds, and that pure blood now ſhed for you; by his drooping head, his dim and languid eyes, his countenance diſfigur'd by pain and approaching death, I conjure you to love and imitate your Lord, your Friend, your Saviour. In his name I bleſs you, O mine offſpring! and may the bleſſing of the Lord always reſt upon you!

The End of the Eighth Book.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELOA returns from the throne of GOD, and relates what he has ſeen. The behaviour of PETER, who joins SAMMA and a ſtranger, and afterwards ſucceſſively meets LEBBEUS, his brother ANDREW, JOSEPH and NICODEMUS, and then returns to Golgotha, where he ſees JOHN, and the female friends of JESUS. A converſation between ABRAHAM and MOSES. They are join'd by ISAAC. ABRAHAM and ISAAC addreſs the MESSIAH. A cherub conducts the ſouls of the pious heathens to the croſs. CHRIST ſpeaks to JOHN and MARY. ABADDONA, aſſuming the appearance of an angel of light, comes to the croſs; but being known by ABDIEL, flies. OBADDON conducts the ſoul of JUDAS to the croſs, then gives him a diſtant view of Heaven, and at length conveys him to Hell.

THE MESSIH.

BOOK IX.

ELOA now filled with deep contemplation, ſlowly hover'd over the pinnacles of the temple, and then came to the aſſembly of the progenitors of the human race, whom he thus addreſs'd:

Before I communicate my thoughts, oh join in prayer with me. Ere I ſpeak, I will offer my adorations. All then, with humble proſtration, in ſilence ador'd the INFINITE and ETERNAL, and ſilent roſe. ELOA ſtill continu'd rapt in thought; but at laſt ſaid:

To the FIRST of beings, to him whom no name can expreſs, no thought conceive, I have juſt ſoar'd, deſiring to ſee him face to face, in all his tremendous glory.

I reach'd the ſuns that gild the radiant path to Heaven, and they were dim'd. I then aſcended to the celeſtial throne, where darkneſs progreſſive deepen'd beyond darkneſs; but no words can expreſs the deepneſs of the ſable cloud, in which the Eternal was involv'd, nor the awful terrors with which he was inviron'd. Amidſt the profound ſilence of the fair creation, I ſtood, then ſunk proſtrate, adoring the Omnipotent in ſilence. Thus Eloa ſpake, and veiling his face, withdrew.

The head of the divine Jesus now hanging on his breaſt, he ſeem'd to ſlumber. The ſtorm of the blaſphemous multitude was laid, and all was calm as the ocean reclining on the peaceful ſhores. Thoſe who rever'd the Saviour walk'd about the ſkirts of Golgotha, where with weeping eyes, they might obtain a diſtant view of the Redeemer. Yet each avoided the others: their afflicted hearts allowing them no tongue for converſe, bitter converſe adding pain to their diſtreſs. Only the belov'd diſciple, and the tender mother of

Jesus, continu'd with each other at the foot of the croſs.

The diſciple, who had ſworn that he knew not his divine Master, was now walking ſolitary about the mountain. Thus by the winding ſhore wanders a ſon, within ſight of a rock on which his father was wreck'd; ſpeechleſs he walks, with his eyes fix'd on the ſpot where his tender parent periſh'd, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, burſts into bitter lamentations: Peter now faint with weeping, ſtood on an eminence near mount Calvary, too weak to expreſs his grief, too weak to lift up his ſupplicating hands to Heaven. Ithuriel, his guardian angel, with pity beheld his grief, and infus'd into his heart ſome drops of conſolation. This, though an immortal, was all he could give. The afflicted diſciple felt the lenient balm thrill through his ſoul, and now looking up, with longing eyes, ſought his friends, deſiring to receive from them reproof and comfort. He ſtood with his eyes directed towards Jeruſalem; for up the hill of death he did not dare to look. At length,

his eyes were drawn aſide by a diſtant murmuring ſound, which aroſe from the ſtrangers, who, being come to the feſtival, were haſting to obtain a ſight of the crucify'd Prophet. To them Peter went, and among the more ſilent groupes of people, ſought his fellow diſciples, but none he found. At length a converſation ſuſpends his ſearch. One of a ſwarthy complexion, richly dreſs'd in a foreign robe, aſk'd a man of an open countenance, who held by the hand his little ſon; for what crime the malefactor, on the middle and more lofty croſs, was put to death? His crime! ſaid the other, with an air of ſurprize; He is put to death, becauſe he hath given health to the ſick, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind! becauſe he reliev'd the poſſeſs'd, of which number I was one, and freed us from our torments! becauſe he even rais'd the dead! becauſe by his powerful preaching he open'd to our enraptur'd ſouls the gates of eternal bliſs! becauſe his life was holy, blameleſs, divine!

Here ſeeing Peter, he ſtretch'd out his hand towards him, and ſaid, This is one of the choſen friends of the great Prophet, who daily ſaw and heard from him the words of truth. Do thou inform him, added he, turning to Peter—inform this ſtranger and me, why they put this divine perſon to death. Comply, O thou man of God! with my requeſt, and turn not away thine eyes from me. Thou know'ſt him. Thee he lov'd! for thou waſt one of his choſen diſciples. Brothers have leſs love for each other, than thou and John have for him.

Peter ſtill turn'd from them, not becauſe he was known; for now he was prepar'd to die; but his being join'd with the faithful John, pierc'd his very ſoul. My friends, ſaid he at laſt, with faultering voice, There dies the holy!—Then burſting into tears, he hid himſelf among the crowd.

Thus he left Samma and Joel, with the favourite of queen Candace, the eunuch, afterwards baptiz'd by Philip. Theſe fill'd with admiration, now mov'd

ſlowly towards Golgotha. Mean while, Peter diſcover'd at a diſtance Lebbeus, who ſtood, leaning with a dejected look, againſt a wither'd tree, and going towards him, with a faint trembling voice, ſaid, Haſt thou too ſeen him on the croſs? Thou, 'tis true,, art unhappy, yet thou canſt lift up thine eyes to him; but I—oh pity—pity my miſery! Here—here it bleeds! added he, laying his hand on his breaſt: Here my ſwelling, tortur'd heart bleeds! Will not my dear friend ſpeak to me? Will he not afford me one word of conſolation?—Thou art ſilent—ſtill art thou ſilent. In vain Lebbeus ſtrove to give utterance to the ſtrong emotions of his mind. Yet the agitations that appear'd in his countenance, and his falling tears were not ſpeechleſs. But no comfort could Peter's ſoul receive from them. With heavy heart he left that affectionate diſciple, and depreſs'd with a new load of woe, again hid himſelf in the crowd. At length, having once more eſcap'd from the multitude, he ſuddenly ſaw before him his brother Andrew. Him he would have

ſhunn'd; but receiving a ſign to retire farther from the people, Peter follow'd him, and, on joining him, cry'd, My brother;—my dear brother!—Then embraced him: not indeed with his uſual fervour, for with feeble graſp he held him, and hung on his neck weeping. O my dear Peter, return'd Andrew, with more compos'd affliction; fain would I, but I cannot, ſuppreſs my grief! My heart bleeds as well as thine!—I mourn for thee, the beſt of Men! the moſt faithful, the moſt loving Friend! the Son of God!—thou—alas!—before his enemies—haſt deny'd!

Meek-hearted grief, ſacred to him whom he had deny'd, and effuſions of cordial thanks for his brother's fidelity, appear'd in Peter's eyes: but ſpeechleſs were his lips. They then walk'd hand in hand, while their eyes ſtill ſuffus'd in tears, ſcarce allow'd the power of ſight, till, at length, overcome by the languor of grief, their hands ſunk, and loſing their hold they parted. Peter ſtill diſconſolate, and ſtill earneſtly breathing after conſola-

tion, walk'd alone! but not far: ſoon he caſt his eyes on two perſons whom he eſteem'd, yet ſtrove to avoid; but was too near. Does the dear diſciple of the divine teacher not know us? ſaid Joseph of Arimathea. We alſo, O Simon! are his diſciples. We were ſo in ſecret, but now are we ready to acknowledge him before all the people. Nicodemus, my worthy friend, who cannot be unknown to thee, has boldly declar'd for Christ before the Sanhedrim: with unſhaken courage he, before them all, ſpake in his defence: but I, alas! too late acknowledge him. I was intimidated—coward as I was, I did not dare to expreſs my thoughts before that impious aſſembly! Forbear, dear Joseph, ſaid Nicodemus, to afflict thy tender mind. Thou cam'ſt away with me, and haſt already own'd the divine Jesus. Joseph here lifting up his eyes, ſwimming in tears, to Heaven, cry'd Hear, O hear, Thou God, and Father of the holy Jesus! the voice of my ſupplications. Him whom I ſo faintly own'd

while he liv'd, may I, before all the world, undauntedly acknowledge when dead.

Here Joseph was ſilent, His petition aroſe to the eternal throne, and with the grant deſcended divine grace. Nicodemus now addreſſing himſelf to Peter, ſaid, Why, O Simon! doſt thou turn thy ſorrowful face from us? We feel all that thou feeleſt. We feel his death—the near approaching death of the holieſt among men! Perhaps he is now expiring! But, O thou, his dear diſciple! communicate thy thoughts to us! Let thy gracious words pour into our ſouls an healing balm; and let not thy melancholy eye upbraid us with having ſo long, only in private, acknowledg'd the divine Jesus—thy Lord and ours. As a tree ſeiz'd by the bluſtering winds, quivering bends its lofty top, ſo Peter, hanging down his head, ſtood trembling. Overpower'd by remorſe, he hid his face in his garment. Then fled, ſeeking reſt in greater pain. He haſted back to Golgotha, and, with labouring ſteps, aſcended the hill. He now more freely breathes. He ventures to raiſe his eyes to

the lofty croſs; but not to the awful face of his dying LORD. Under it he beheld, near each other, JOHN and the mother of the ſacred victim, motionleſs, ſilent, and with eyes which, thro' exceſs of grief, ſhed no tears. At a ſmall diſtance ſtood many of the faithful, who had followed the SAVIOUR out of Galilee. Though low their birth, though obſcure their rank, though mean their appearance, ſacred hiſtory has tranſmitted the names of ſome of that virtuous band to poſterity: MARY MAGDALENE, MARY the mother of JAMES and JOSES, MARY the mother of the ſons of ZEBEDEE, and thou, O MARY, who now didſt behold, extended on the croſs, thy divine Son, the beſt and moſt amiable of the race of men. Theſe, with many others, from the warmth of their affection, ventur'd to ſtand near their dying LORD.

MARY MAGDALENE had ſunk on the ground, longing for death.—Carry'd away by the torrent of her ſorrow, ſhe abandon'd every hope; every idea of the SAVIOUR's miracles, and lay impaſſion'd on the hill, filling the air with her complaints. The

mother of Joses, tho' herſelf inconſolable, prompted by the tenderneſs of her ſoul, attempted to give her the comfort ſhe herſelf could not feel; and, with the ſoft voice of pity, ſtrove to alleviate her diſtreſs: but ſoon the agony of her own grief render'd her ſilent. Meanwhile the mother of the two ſons of Zebedee, pale and faded with grief, ſtood weeping in the dreary gloom, with uplifted eyes, and wringing her hands, ſeem'd to ſay, How long will the divine vengeance be delay'd? Soon will it fall on this cruel people!

But none with more fervor of ſoul; none with more cordial compaſſion, view'd the dying Jesus, than the converted criminal. This eſcap'd not the notice of the immortals, more eſpecially of thoſe who were once of the human race; while the chief object of their exalted ſenſations was the grace of the Redeemer. Abraham, enraptur'd with the thought of his ſalvation, obſerv'd him with warm affection; till at length the affecting ſympathy with which the already happy convert beheld the Holy Sufferer, ſtruck the patriarch with

ſuch mingled pity and joy, that, breaking forth from his mute aſtoniſhment, he turn'd to Moses, who ſtood by his ſide; and the exalted father of the twelve-trib'd Judea, thus ſpake to the inſpir'd legiſlator, the builder of the tabernacle:

What we, O ſon! behold—what theſe few hours diſplay, will furniſh us with diſcourſe thro' the endleſs ages of eternity. Thou ſaweſt the glory of God on Horeb; I in Mamre's ſacred grove: mild was then its appearance: then the divine lips ſounded melodious grace. Thus ſweet, thus raviſhingly ſoft was the voice of the Saviour, when he ſpake pardon to the criminal. O thou pure, thou ſpotleſs Jesus, thou ſuffering Messiah, how great is my joy at the redemption thou procureſt for ſinners, my children! my jubilant ſongs ſhall join thoſe of the heavenly hoſt! See how this new diſciple ſmiles at his approaching death! How the mercies of the Most High, and the divine benevolence of the great Redeemer ſwell his ſtruggling heart! How the tranſports of eternal life beam around him! Yet, tho' the repoſe

of a better life is ſo near, with what ſoft compaſſion does he look on the ſufferings of his gracious Saviour! — That my abandoned children ſhould thus ungratefully, with cruel hands, ſlay the Lord of Life, would, was I mortal, fill me with ſuch grief as to bow me down to the grave! What Gabriel in vain ſtrove to conceal from me, let me communicate to thee; and then may the dread idea be forever baniſh'd from my mind. The gracious Redeemer, who, with the marks of theſe wounds, ſhall come to judge the world, has already foretold the fate of theſe abandon'd ſinners: nay, they have imprecated the divine vengeance on themſelves. The heathen governor ſought to ſave him, and, with reluctance, paſs'd ſentence; while they cry'd out, His blood be upon us and our children. Oh that no angel of death had engrav'd the dreadful words on an eternal rock, and plac'd it by the throne of the Most High. I ſee—I ſee nations coming from the ends of the earth to pay homage to the divine Jesus; to liſten to his precepts, and to bow before him, their

Lord and Saviour. But among theſe I ſee not my children.

Moses anſwer'd, Thou father of Isaac, of Jacob, and of the faithful who adher'd to the worſhip of Jehovah, when the multitude flock'd to graven images: thou father of her who bore the Redeemer, and of him who accompliſhes the great work of redemption! O Abraham! lift up thine eyes and behold. What I ſhall ſay, is to thee already known: but 'tis good frequently to gaze on the fair face of truth. There are a people of judgment and of grace. The Unsearchable, who points with his right hand to mercy, and with his left to judgment, hath founded theſe on a rock, that all the ſons of the duſt may clearly perceive that they have the power of chuſing life and death; whoſoever therefore on obſerving the monitory rock, will not look up to it to ſee and learn, is his own deſtroyer: he condemns himſelf.

Abraham liſten'd with grateful ſmile to his words, and reply'd, Perhaps, when they have long been try'd, they will for-

ſake the ways of ſin, and then the ſon will no longer bear the iniquities of the father. Then, O Moses, then perhaps they will return—Sweeteſt tranſports flow in upon me, and peace from God ſmiles all around! Oh then will they return to the great Redeemer! the Saviour of all mankind!—to him who by day in the cloud, and in the night by a pillar of fire, led their forefathers to the land of Canaan, and on the croſs now bleeds for them. Return, return, O my children!—return to him who is ready to ſave!—to him—to him—whom ye are now putting to death!—to the Lamb that will ſoon be ſlain!—to eternal life!

Here with ſupplicating look, he rais'd his eyes to Heaven. Isaac, his belov'd ſon, once the comfort of his declining age, ſeeing him, came in his juvenile form, with a ſmile of joy, mingled with concern, and inſtantly cry'd, Ah father, in thy countenance I ſee the warm emotions of thy mind! But alas! our children cruelly ſlay him, who ſanctify'd himſelf for them! Yet O Jehovah! thou wilt at length have mercy on them! thou wilt beat them, on eagle's

wings, to their Saviour! With this contemplation felicity comes hovering round me, and extatic bliſs ruſhes upon my exulting ſoul! Yet one idea fills me with ſacred awe.—Well doſt thou remember, when on yonder ſacred mount—(for ever ſacred let it be to me!)—thou ledſt me to the altar. Thy ſon more chearful than thyſelf, went by thy ſide, rejoicing that he was going with thee to ſacrifice to the Eternal: but when I lay bound on the wood, and the lighted brand, flam'd by my ſide; when I lifted up my eyes ſwimming in tears, to Heaven; when you gave me the parting kiſs; then turning from me drew the glittering blade, and held deſtruction over thy ſon—But I paſs over that trying hour, ſince crown'd with ages of pureſt joy—Then thine Isaac was ſurely choſen to prefigure the ſacrifice of the Son of the Most High—the ſacrifice that now bleeds on Golgotha. This fills me with a ſweet and rapturous melancholy that overpowers my immortal ſoul.

Thus Isaac ſpake, and Abraham in ſoft accents reply'd, Let us bow before the

Redeemer. Inſtantly they kneel'd: one of Abraham's arms enclos'd that of his ſon, and their folded hands were rais'd to Golgotha. The father then cry'd, O thou Redeemer from ſin! thou Joy of believers! thou Son of the Supreme Father! what have I felt ſince a mortal mother bore thee at Bethlehem? The angels, loſt in aſtoniſhment, comprehend not the wonders of thy grace and love. Thou the inſpiring theme of their jubilant ſongs, ſhrouded thyſelf in humble life. Scarce could the ſpirits on high know thee under the lowly diſguiſe. O thou in whom the brightneſs of thy Father's glory ſhone! thou haſt walk'd the ſteep, the ſolitary way of mortality, meditating on thy death; and now art thou come to its ſolemn, its momentous period—to thy laſt, thy moſt painful ſufferings, which, long before I was born on this earth, thou, O my Saviour, and the Saviour of all that come to thee, didſt chuſe! —didſt chuſe for man! — and now thou bleed'ſt—thou dy'ſt! — O Jesus, thou art far ſuperior to our compaſſion! Yet

we feel the great, the dreadful ſtroke, with which death ſtrikes thee, and at which the immenſe creation trembles. Have mercy on us, O God Most High! thou ſpring of never failing mercy and of grace! that we may not too deeply feel the ſufferings of thy Son. Have mercy—have mercy on all who rapt in admiration, ſurround the Saviour—on all, like us, ally'd to the duſt.

Here Abraham ceas'd, and both were ſilent, till Isaac aſk'd, Who are the ſouls that cherub is leading to the croſs? The radiant band approach'd from the diſtant ſky, beautiful as the riſing morn. They had quitted their tabernacles of fleſh, and came from all the nations of the earth, extending from pole to pole, where their bodies had been conſum'd by the quick devouring flames of the funeral pile, or committed to the ſilent grave. Their hearts were ſincere and pure, if the purity of mortals deſerves the name. Animated by the love of virtue, faireſt ornament of the human mind, and ever lovely in the eyes of the Universal Parent, they paſs'd

thro' this inferior life; but had not been illumin'd by the light of an external revelation. Thouſands of theſe happy ſouls were led by the meditative cherub, while ſeiz'd with their firſt aſtoniſhment at the glories of their new ſtate of exiſtence, they with ſilent rapture ador'd the SOVEREIGN LORD of all, who is no reſpecter of perſons, and whoſe tender mercies are over all his works. To them the cherub turn'd his face, when ABRAHAM and the other patriarchs heard him thus addreſs the ſouls, while they approach'd the gloom-ſurrounded croſs.

What ye, bleſs'd ſpirits, ſee, conſider with all the powers your new and rapturous ſenſations will allow. Here is freſh ſubject for your love, your gratitude, your devout aſtoniſhment. None born of woman can without the MEDIATOR, who there bleeds for you, ſee the ETERNAL. Ye happy ſouls, to you I now reveal the great myſtery of eternity. There JESUS, the divine JESUS, for men, for repentant ſinners, for the heirs of death, dies on the croſs. Behold the SON of the MOST HIGH, born on earth, born of a mortal mother,

who there ſtands at the foot of the croſs. Faſtings, prayers, miracles, inſtructions, acts of beneficence, ſufferings on ſufferings, fill'd up the life of the gracious Saviour: and now—(the joys of eternity hang upon the great event)—now he dies—he dies for all the ſons of earth—he dies for you!—Had he not from the beginning been choſen the Redeemer, all would have dy'd; but through him life and immortality are brought to light, and by his obedience all ſhall be made alive. The Most High God is pleas'd with your ſincere endeavours to know and obey him. Happy ſouls for his ſake your ſincerity is accepted: He whom ye ſtrove to reſemble, has ſeen your tears; has heard your petitions to be freed from ſin, which ye felt, which ye conquer'd, though ye knew not all its evils. Your prayers have aſcended to the higheſt Heavens and were acceptable to him who ſearcheth the hearts of the ſons of men. Jesus who bleeds on the croſs is your Friend, your Redeemer, your Intercessor. Oh give thanks to the great Mediator! to the Dispenser of

eternal life! to the ſuffering JESUS, the SON of the MOST HIGH GOD!

Theſe ſouls, fill'd with inexpreſſible and bliſsful ſenſations, mingled with gentle dejection and aſtoniſhment, ſunk down in rapturous adoration of the gracious SAVIOUR, who had lov'd them before the foundation of the world, and was now dying to perfect the redemption of the human race.

SALIM and SELITH, the guardian angels of JOHN and MARY, obſerving the grateful proſtration of theſe enraptur'd ſouls, SALIM cry'd, How ſenſible, O SELITH, are theſe new immortals of their felicity! How the joys of Heaven already flow in upon them! Now are they forever deliver'd from the troubles of mortal life: from the afflictions which fall ſo thick and heavy on the inhabitants of the earth! The dear perſons under our care, were once fill'd with peace from GOD, and with ſuch ſublime ſenſations, as ſcarce to feel the heavy clog of mortality; but now, thoſe pale cheeks, thoſe agonizing looks, thoſe bleeding wounds, have chill'd the extaſies of

the mother and the friend! I, O Selith, alſo feel them!—I feel the cruel nails that pierce their ſouls! I, reply'd Selith, have ſeen many of the afflicted: but no diſtreſs like theirs! Yet is my compaſſion mix'd with wonder. Is it not ſtrange, that they who are belov'd by the Eternal, ſhould thus deeply ſuffer? yet with pleaſure I reflect, that God frequently imparts conſolation to his ſuffering ſervants, when every ray of hope ſeems vaniſh'd. And, O Salem! if my ardent deſire of ſeeing them again favour'd by divine conſolation, does not deceive me, I now ſee beaming from the benevolent eyes of the Messiah, emanations of comfort.

Thus ſpake Selith. He err'd not; for the Redeemer would no longer withhold his pity from John and the afflicted Mary; but caſt down on them a look, whence reviving effuſions ſtream'd into their fainting ſouls. Then, inclining his divine face towards them, Mary, with trembling expectation, liſten'd, while, to her ear the voice of her gracious Saviour, thus deſcended: Mother, behold

thy Son. Then to the diſciple he ſaid, Behold thy Mother! Now theſe affectionate friends with aſtoniſhment, gratitude and tears, turn'd to each other.

The dying Jesus ſtill continu'd ſuſpended in torture. Penſive ſilence encompaſs'd the hill of death, and the earth inceſſantly trembled thro' its ſecret caverns. Yet in the neighbourhood of Jeruſalem, its latent trepidations were not heard. Once did the concuſſion reach the rebellious city: but it only rais'd an obſcure ſenſation: ſomething of a diſtant terror of impending vengeance, for the blood that was then flowing, ſeiz'd the hearts of the multitude.

Now the ſecret convulſions of Nature cleft a rocky mountain far from Olivet, into the centre of which, Abbadona had retir'd to mourn in the depths of the earth. He was ſitting on the declivity of a ſubterranean rock, viewing with fix'd attention a torrent which fell at his feet. His liſtening ear was following the roar of the foaming ſtream, which flowing from the ſum-

mit of the lofty mountain, was daſh'd from cliff to cliff, when ſuddenly he felt under him a progreſſive trembling, and the rocks fell from their aſpiring heights. ABBADONA, terrify'd at the convulſive pangs of Nature, cry'd, Does the Earth lament that ſhe has brought forth children? and is ſhe tir'd of bearing her mouldering iſſue in her boſom, which is now become a perpetual grave to them? Thus throng'd with human bodies, ſhe is within dreadful, while without ſhe is cloth'd with a verdant robe, and adorn'd with blooming flowers. Or, alas! does ſhe lament the great, the divine perſon, whom I in midnight darkneſs ſaw in humble proſtration, ſuffering!—Ah, what is his fate! Why do I delay to ſee him again! Is the heavy hand of awful Juſtice nearer me, when expos'd on the open earth, than when here? No where can I eſcape from Juſtice! ſhould I fly from the creation, ſtill would ſhe follow me? I will then ſeek him. The iſſue of his dreadful ſufferings will I ſee, and all the wonders of theſe great tranſactions know. But with what troops of celeſtial

ſpirits is he ſurrounded. Ah, ſtruck by a ſudden glance from them, I lately fled, appall'd! Should I venture to counterfeit their heavenly effulgence, and transform myſelf into the fair ſemblance of an angel of light, would not the God of Truth, with his pointed lightning, ſtrip off the diſguiſe, and the angels, indignant, ſee me array'd in this odious garb of guilt? But Satan is permitted to appear like an angel of light! he who has provok'd the Most High by greater crimes—by inceſſant acts of deepeſt guilt! Ah this diſguiſe is not to conceal any baſe deſign, harbour'd in my tortur'd heart! But ſhall Abbadona uſe diſguiſe?—Retire, retire, O wretch, rejected and forlorn!—retire, and in ſecret contemplate thy miſery!—Am I excluded then from going? and muſt I not know the end of his wonderous ſufferings?—But, how ſhould I be able to behold the looks of the angels and not fly?

Thus fluctuating, and ſtill dubious, he roſe from the cavern: but ſcarce had he

alighted on the ſurface of the earth, when with aſtoniſhment he drew back: for then ſeeing her involv'd in the dreadful gloom of night, he cry'd, with a tremulous voice, At mid-day, overſpread with ſuch thick darkneſs! Is the earth ripe for judgment? Is ſhe now to be deſtroy'd? Doth the OMNIPOTENT hold her in the hollow of his hand?—But wherefore? Does the wonderful Sufferer lie bury'd in her boſom? and does GOD require him of her ſons?—But can the MESSIAH die?—Wherever I turn, perplexity on each new idea dwells. Much better is it for me to haſte, and ſeek him—to ſee, and, by that means, to learn, than to ſit alone, loſt in fruitleſs conjectures.

Thus reſolv'd, he ſtood on the tree-crown'd ſummit of a lofty mountain, and amidſt the ſhrouding darkneſs, long with quick eye, ſought the holy city. At length he perceiv'd it, when through the hovering clouds, it ſeem'd like a heap of ruins. Now, trembling, he tries to aſſume a bright etherial form, and all the juvenile beauty with which he ſhone in

the blisful vale of peace: but awkward is the imitation. Radiant treffes, indeed, flow beneath his ſhoulders, which are adorn'd with golden wings; within his eyes he retains his tears, and the luſtre of the dawning day overſpreads his lucid countenance. Thus array'd in beauty, he, with trembling flight, chuſes his way through the thickeſt gloom. In traverſing the coaſt of the Dead Sea, he hears an unuſual noiſe in the agitated waters: with the roar of the waves are intermingled the groans of anguiſh, and the howls of deſpair. So, if guilty cities are ſhaken by earthquakes, when one that has moſt offended thinks that ſhe ſhall ſink into ruins, groans and ſighs, and ſhrieks ariſe with each ſhock, and are mingled with the dull ſound of the ſubterranean ſcourge. The earth again heaves and trembles: the air reſounds with the fall of polluted temples and marble palaces; with the redoubled ſhrieks and groans of the inhabitants: while the pale traveller, fill'd with terror, flies. Thus the affrighted

Abbadona hears the roaring of the Dead Sea, mingled with the groans and bellowing of the two apoſtates, and knowing them, with fluttering wing, he leaves the doleful ſhores.

He now draws near to the angelic circle. At the auguſt appearance he is ſuddenly overpower'd by an inſurmountable terror, and his mimic luſtre fades. The firſt angels, immers'd in the contemplation of the holy, the dying Messiah, obſerv'd not his approach: but he eſcap'd not Eloa's piercing eye. He inſtantly knew him, and thus ſaid to himſelf, The forſaken of God, this fearful, ſoul-tormented ſeraph, would then behold the crucify'd Jesus! Already has he ſeen his paſſion in the garden. He ſeeks him again!—How reſtleſs—how miſerable is his ſtate!—A prey to inceſſant remorſe! Long, very long, has he been diſſolv'd in theſe bitter tears of anguiſh!—O God, thou Sovereign Judge, all thy purpoſes thou wilt accompliſh! Thy ways are ever juſt and righteous. Then in humble proſtration, he pray'd in ſilence. On his riſing, he made a

ſign to an angel, who inſtantly ſtood before him. Haſte, bleſſed ſpirit, ſaid Eloa, haſte to the angels and to the progenitors of the human race, and thus addreſs them. Abbadona trembling and anxious, is drawing towards us. Should he venture to mingle with you; oh forbid him not; for in extreme diſtreſs he comes, to obtain an awful view of the Redeemer. Let none order him to fly. Let none diſcountenance a mind ſo humbled. Indulge him in this afflictive alleviation of his anguiſh. About the croſs are greater ſinners than Abbadona.

The fallen ſeraph hover'd, trembling, about the angelic aſſembly. He heſitated; flutter'd forward; ſtopt; alighted on the ground. He was ſuddenly deſirous of returning back. He then animated himſelf with the thought, that none but the Messiah could be encompaſs'd with ſo ſpacious, ſo pompous a circle of angels. He now flew amidſt them. The angels turn'd and ſaw him; they ſaw the faint diſguiſe. Abbadona wore a ghaſtly ſmile; a luſtre that irradiates none of the bleſs'd,

mingled with fix'd horror and predominant grief, which he ſtrove in vain to conceal. With ſilent commiſeration they ſuffer'd him to paſs, and he approach'd the cloud-topp'd hill! but ſeeing thoſe on each croſs, he ſwiftly turn'd aſide. No, I will not ſee them, ſaid he; I will not ſee the faces of the dying; Your ſufferings pierce me too deep! They preſent to my thoughts images of horror! too loudly do they accuſe me to the Sovereign Judge! alas! a curſory, a momentary ſight of their wounds has already fill'd me with raging anguiſh.—Ye men, my companions in wretchedneſs, as in guilt, ye wickedly compel your brethren, before the face of the ſun, before innumerable multitudes, ſolemnly to ſuffer death! Never ſhall mine eyes ſee them, whom, from cruelty or from juſtice, ye devote to corruption!—But baniſh—O baniſh Abbadona! from thy diſtreſsful mind, theſe tumultuous thoughts, big with overwhelming woe—I ſeek the holy Prophet; but where ſhall I find him? It is not for nothing that all the hoſt of Heaven are aſſembled here!

They encircle him—He is in this ſacred place—But where? When in the garden on mount Olivet, the place dignified by his preſence was cover'd with the thickeſt gloom; here this hill, ſtrew'd with bones, is moſt obſcur'd. But can he not be ſeen? —O that ſome angel would point him out!—Dare I, unhappy, aſk an angel to ſhew me him?—Did they know me by this tremor, by this melancholy confuſion, would they not order me to quit the place? —But rapt in divine contemplations on this holy perſon, they obſerve not me.—Ah, wretch! how debas'd art thou! thou dar'ſt not lift up thy baſhful eye to the faithful miniſters of God; and yet on this hill of ſculls preſumeſt to appear before them, while adorn'd with all their radiant ſplendor! Perhaps here, where dying malefactors afford the moſt manifeſt proof of the fall of man, Jesus concludes his earthly ſufferings. Perhaps, proſtrate among human bones, he is here offering up his ſupplications to the Sovereign Judge. Ah, muſt I again turn my face towards this mount of death!

He then turn'd, hovering ſlow and timid around the hill, till deſcending, he ſought with quick and piercing eye under the croſſes. There he found JOHN, and careful watch'd his looks.—Mean while the gracious SAVIOUR ſtill hung on the darken'd croſs, and every feature of his agonizing countenance ſeem'd to wiſh for the repoſe of the grave.

ABBADONA at length recovering from his firſt emotions,—ſoftly cry'd, It is impoſſible—It is impoſſible—It cannot be—He die!—It is impoſſible. But why do I delay to obtain conviction? Then lifting up his eyes, he ſuddenly added, I ſee him,—I am not deceiv'd—It is he!—Yes, it is he!—he whom I ſaw on the mount of Olives, proſtrate, weeping, and pouring out his ſoul in prayer for man.

He now ſunk upon the hill, and reſum'd, Here will I in the duſt wait the iſſue of this ſolemn tremendous ſcene, and if I may be permitted, will ſee the divine SUFFERER die!—Ah what is this that ariſes in my mind like the opening dawn of reſt? Is it the ſtupefaction of anguiſh,

or a ray of reviving hope?—of the beſt hope I dare entertain—the hope of annihilation? Oh deceive me not, thou mere ideal hope—Thou doſt not—Thou art more than imaginary. Methinks I now dare fly to the Sovereign Judge, and humbly implore him to grant me annihilation! Ah then I ſhall be no more!—No more ſhall feel the burning torment! Then at once will my exiſtence ceaſe! I ſhall be blotted from the race of immortal beings! be forgotten by the angels, by the whole creation, by God himſelf! Behold, I bow my head, O Jehovah! to thine omnipotence; and do thou, my Sovereign Judge, condeſcend to exterminate me from thy creation by an inviſible touch of thine almighty hand, or by a ſubtil blaze darted from thy refulgent ſplendor.

Such were the ſupplications of Abbadona, which he preſum'd to hope would be accompliſh'd. Fill'd with mingled joy and terror, he glided along the earth, and look'd up to the bloody croſs, to the dying Redeemer, viſible in obſcurity, ſtriving to retain his borrow'd ſplendor. But,

while he thus ſtrove, and his fears and terrors ſtill return'd, he perceiv'd hovering on the right ſide of the more lofty croſs, his belov'd, now his dreaded ABDIEL, once his friend, his brother: for with him was he created. Surrounding gloom inſtantly veil'd from his ſight the radiant circle of angels, and to him the whole creation appear'd too narrow. Every appertinence of an happy immortal, all the graces, all the powers of a fair etherial ſpirit, he ſuddenly ſtrove to aſſume, to prevent his being known by ABDIEL; and haſting as if diſpatch'd on ſome high beheſts, from remote worlds to others more remote, he had ſtopp'd, but dar'd not ſtay; he thus, with quick ſpeech, addreſs'd himſelf to ABDIEL.

Tell me, dear ſeraph, (for thou, perhaps, mayſt know) when will the SAVIOUR expire? I am order'd to be expeditious; yet, wherever I am, I could wiſh, with the lowlieſt adorations, to ſolemnize that important moment.

ABDIEL, at hearing his voice, turn'd towards the unhappy, and, with a gravity

ſoften'd by compaſſion, anſwer'd ABBADONA!—As the face of a blooming youth blaſted by a ſulphureous flaſh darted from the clouds, is ſuddenly overſpread by the livid paleneſs of death, ſo gloom iſſuing from the abyſs, inſtantly cover'd the face of ABBADONA. All the heavenly hoſt beheld his hideous transformation. When, ſtruck with fear and ſhame, he ſuddenly flew, with rapidity, from the bright circle of the celeſtial ſpirits, unable to bear their looks or their ſplendor.

The fallen ſeraph aſcended far into the ſky, and then ſunk down on a hill, from the other ſide of which inſtantly appear'd a diſtreſsful ſpirit, far more black and deform'd than him who had fled. One of the bright inhabitants of Heaven ſeeing him, then ſaid to his companion, Who is that wretch accurs'd advancing towards us, from yonder hill? How has the hand of Juſtice branded his wrinkled front! How is he deform'd by odious guilt! Yet ſee, he preſumes to fly towards this bright aſſembly!—But no longer, my dear aſſociate, am I aſtoniſh'd—See, the mighty

Oraddon is driving forward the wretched ſpirit. Ah, it is the ghoſt of the traitor!

Now the angel of death brought the trembling caitif nearer to the croſs; and all the celeſtials ſaw him ſo black, that he ſeem'd a ſpot in the darkneſs which encompaſs'd the globe. He appear'd as diſtreſs'd with agonizing terror, as if, whereever he flew, over him enkindling lightnings blaz'd, and under him the earth open'd, while that darted at his head avenging fires; and this, with equal fury prepar'd to ſwallow him. Thus, with wild anguiſh, the ſoul of Judas approach'd the croſs, with his eyes fix'd on Oraddon! who, waving in his right hand his flaming ſword, drove him, reluctant; till, alighting on a ſable cloud, he, with imperious voice, thus ſpake:

Behold, thou accurs'd, there lies Bethany—here the palace of Caiaphas—here below, the houſe where thou, ungrateful, didſt partake of the memorials of the Saviour's death--There is Gethſemane—that is thy carcaſe—Doſt thou tremble?—tremble ſtill—but open not thy mouth in

curſes. Here ſtretching out the flaming ſword towards the middle croſs, which roſe pre-eminent, he added, That is CHRIST, JESUS, once thy LORD!—He dies!—he dies for men! to ſweeten their life, their death! to deliver them from torment like thine, and to exalt them to the regions of eternal bliſs! Thoſe wounds, whence flow his redeeming blood, ſhall ſhine, with enrapturing luſtre, when he comes to judge the world! Now turn aſide, thou wretched ſpirit. Overwhelm'd with deſpair, JUDAS turn'd aſide, and OBADDON quick reliev'd the angelic circle from a ſight ſo hateful. They now wing their way among the ſtars. The traitor is terrify'd at the immenſe extent of the ſilent creation. The dread idea of the omnipreſent GOD ruſhes upon his mind with all its terrors; and long he trembles before he dares to utter this requeſt:

O thou moſt dreadful of the angels! let me entreat—let me implore thee not to carry me to the throne of the ETERNAL JUDGE—but, with that dread flaming ſword, to put an end to my wretched being—

Obey, and be ſilent, ſaid Obaddon, driving him forward, till at length, at his command, he ſtood on one of the ſuns, and near him that angel of death. There he ſhew'd the traitor the Heaven of Heavens, where the Most High viſibly diſplay'd his glory, and the bleſs'd enraptur'd ſpirits enjoy the beatific viſion. Tho' the throne of God was now encompaſs'd with ſacred darkneſs, and inſtead of eternal hallelujahs, and the triumphant joy of the ſaints, reign'd ſtilleſt ſilence: yet Heaven was ſtill worthy of being the reſidence of Him who is the Author of all beauty, the Source of all perfection, and to the moſt exalted of the bleſs'd, was ſtill the region of boundleſs joy, of ineffable felicity. This, ſaid Obaddon to the wretched ſpirit, is the Heaven of the Most High God, the theatre on which he diſplays the moſt bliſsful manifeſtations of his exuberant glory, which he graciouſly imparts to thoſe who make him the object of their grateful love. At preſent the Eternal hides his face from all finite beings, and ſits ſhrouded on his throne in ſacred ob-

ſecurity: but ſtill mine eyes perceive the divine glory. That celeſtial, that blooming mountain is call'd Sion; upon its top he who now dies for man will often ſhew himſelf reſplendant in grace, to thoſe who on earth, were his pious followers. Thoſe twelve golden thrones thou ſeeſt on Sion, ſhining like the ſun in its ſplendor, were, by the auguſt REWARDER of virtue appointed for the twelve faithful diſciples of the divine JESUS: and, ſeated on theſe, they ſhall one day judge the earth. Thou waſt one of his diſciples. That throne was thine. But thou haſt forfeited the ſeat of bliſs; and it will be given to another more worthy. Sue not for deſtruction. Fruitleſs are all thy lamentations. Behold, ſo many of the celeſtial glories as thine eyes are able to diſcover, ſo many torments has GOD meaſur'd out to thee. In vain, feeble wretch, thou ſtriveſt to forbear looking up to Heaven. Learn to know the omnipotence of the SUPREME JUDGE. Like a rock in the ſea, which no ſtorm can move, ſhalt thou here ſtand and contemplate, that JESUS CHRIST dies on the croſs

to raiſe thoſe who love him to this Heaven: to this ſtate of unutterable glory.

At theſe words Obaddon left him, and flew up towards Heaven, till arriving at one of the celeſtial ſuns he pray'd. At length riſing from his oriſons, and returning to the traitor, who ſtood with wide gaze, fill'd with unutterable miſery, he cry'd, Away, thou wicked ſpectre, I now lead thee to Hell, thine everlaſting dwelling. Thus with the hoarſe voice of terror ſounding like redoubled claps of thunder, ſpake the angel of death, and then precipitated his flight down towards Hell. From afar they heard the noiſe of the infernal deep, which roaring ſtruck the confines of the creation and undulated to the neareſt ſtars. In that ſpace where God has ſet bounds to infinitude, Hell rolls her torrent of liquid fire. There no order ſubmiſſive reigns above or below; no law of motion ſwift or ſlow. Sometimes with unuſual rapidity they move, ſuch is the command of the Sovereign Judge, to puniſh the freſh crimes of her inhabitants with flames more vehement, and ſharper darts of ever-dying

death. Now with rageful impatience, and hideous ſound, mingled with groans, and yells, and ſhrieks, they fly up into the wide expanſe. Mean while the traitor and his potent guide quit the confines of the fair creation, and all the worlds innumerable, and, with extended wings, ſink down to the gates of Hell. The angel of death ſtation'd there knows Obaddon, ſees the criminal writhing and ſtruggling to eſcape, while the dread of the flaming ſword forces his reluctant ſubmiſſion. He unfolds the wide adamantine gates, which harſh grating with jarring ſound impetuous turn'd their broad hinges, and at once diſcover'd the deep the dread abyſs tremendous and moſt horrible. Not mountains heap'd on mountains would fill up the enormous entrance: theſe would only render the paſſage more rugged. No path leads down to Hell's hideous deeps. Cloſe by the gate rocks cleft with guſts of liquid fire, fall down in ruins wild, while Diſmay pale and giddy at what is ſeen and heard, looks ſpeechleſs down with eyes wide ſtaring and face aghaſt, into the

flaming gulph. The executioner of the divine vengeance, with the infernal Judas, ſtood at this gaping grave: the grave where Death never dies—never ſleeps. The ſeraph then turning aſide, pointed his flaming ſword down into the deep abyſs, and cry'd, This is the abode of the damn'd, and this, O wretch! is thine abode! That earth-born ſinners might not ſuffer theſe torments, Jesus Christ, once thy gracious Lord, deſcended from Heaven, liv'd a life of ſorrow, breathing benevolence and love to man, and now is dying on the croſs.

Thus he ſpake, and hurl'd the ſtruggling ſpectre into the abyſs. Then with rapidity ſoar'd from the precincts of the fiery deep, to the fair creation. Now he comes to the altar on which the divine victim was offer'd: near Golgotha he ſtands, waiting farther orders from the Omnipotent.

The End of the Ninth Book.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

God looks down from his throne, while the Messiah, casts his eyes on the sepulchre, and prays; then with a look fills Satan and Adramelech with terror. Many elevated souls are now given to the earth, one of whom delivers his thoughts of the dying Redeemer. A character of these souls. A conversation between Simeon and John the Baptist. Miriam and Deborah lament the dying Saviour in a hymn. Lazarus comforts Lebbeus. Uriel gives notice that the first of the angels of death is descending to the earth. The impression this makes on Enoch, Abel, Seth, David, Job, and more particularly on our first parents, who descend to the sepulchre of Jesus, and pray. The angel of death descends, addresses the Messiah, and makes known the divine command. The Messiah dies.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK X.

STILL farther do I travel in my tremendous path, ſtill nearer draw to the SAVIOUR's death——to his death who breath'd nought but love divine, and whoſe love ſupports my fainting powers. O let me not, preſumptuous, too boldly ſing the great REDEEMER! nor without ſolemn dignity attune my ſong! Look down propitious, on me, who am but duſt, O thou, by whoſe omnipotence I am environ'd! Thou ſeeſt all the conceptions of my mind, ere into thought they riſe, nor is there a word that trembles on my tongue to thee unknown. O my REDEEMER! enlighten me, and when I ſtumble forgive! A ray of thy light, a drop

of thy grace is to the famiſh'd ſoul fulneſs, and to its thirſt, the refreſhing ſtream.

The throne, which was wont to ſhine ſerene in viſible beauty, now ſtood involv'd in the thickeſt gloom of night: ſolitary it ſtood, around it no immortal ador'd, ſave an angel of death, who proſtrate beneath the loweſt ſtep, with rais'd hands and ſuppliant eyes, look'd up with fix'd attention. Meanwhile JEHOVAH through the bright duſt of ſcatter'd ſuns, and worlds obſcure, through ſilent nature look'd, with awful view, underſtood or felt by none but he on whom the eternal eye was fix'd. Death, now ſo near, the SAVIOUR's whole frame pervades. The worlds tremble thro' all their ſecret powers. Troubled, enraptur'd, ſilent, ſtand all the immortals, contemplating the SON of GOD, on whoſe divine face a more deadly paleneſs ſits. His weary languid eyes are faintly caſt on his near ſepulchre, hewn out of a lonely rock among trees of ancient growth, and with a mind ſtill fill'd with benignity and ſoft compaſſion, which no pain could expel

from thence, he thus pour'd forth in ſecret ſighs the yet warm thoughts of his expiring ſoul. There in the ſleep of death ſoon wilt thou, my body, lie. For this did I aſſume thee, O thou tabernacle of clay! Yet tho' thou ſhalt lie down in death, thou ſhalt not ſee corruption. O my gracious FATHER! "wipe every tear from every eye" that ſhall then ſurround me weeping;—Have pity on them when thou ſhalt bring them to their lateſt hour! O holy FATHER! have mercy on all who believe in thy belov'd SON, who now dies for the ſins of the world. Some ſhall gently fall aſleep: ſome ſhall expire in torment. O FATHER! have compaſſion on all who, in their ſtruggles with death, ſhall fly to thee for grace and conſolation. Have compaſſion on thoſe, who, weary of life, ſhall be brought by many tribulations to the grave: who in poverty ſhall live, and yet ſhall not deny thee: who while they keep a conſcience void of offence both towards thee and towards man, ſhall become the ſcorn and mockery of ſinners: who, true to their friends, bleſs even their enemies: who,

by their actions, ſhew their love to their brethren, their love to mankind. Have compaſſion on thoſe, who undazzled by the honours, the wealth, the dignities of life, ſhall uſe them for the good of others; themſelves regardleſs of the glittering toys, and all the diſtinctions of vanity. Oh be merciful to all who, according to the variety of the gifts and abilities they have received from thee, ſhall obey thee in truth and purity of heart: in their laſt hour ſhew them the light of thy countenance: when their eyes ſink in death; when corruption waits for their mortal frame, and their aſpiring ſouls are ready to take their flight to the great CREATOR, then viſit them with thy conſolations, and receive them to the world of reſt, and peace, and joy eternal. O holy FATHER, GOD OF LOVE; by theſe gaping wounds, on which my body is now ſuſpended; by this bloody wreath of piercing thorns: by what I now ſuffer, and ſhall farther ſuffer: by that love thro' which I humbled myſelf to the death —this death of the croſs, to accompliſh the ſalvation of mankind, hear me, and grant

that they whom I love may be faithful to the end—may die in comfort, aud riſing to eternal life, receive the bright crown of glory unfading and immortal.

Thus ſilent pray'd the great, the dying MESSIAH. Then turning his benevolent eyes from the ſepulchre, he look'd with ſtern brow on the Dead Sea, where lay SATAN and ADRAMELECH. His eyes now darted convulſive terrors and deep diſmay into the depths of that tempeſtuous lake, and both the apoſtate ſpirits ſunk into the loweſt miſery. Then was fulfill'd the ſentence of the ETERNAL, that The SEED of the Woman ſhould bruiſe the Serpent's head. SATAN in the midſt of his anguiſh ſtamp'd into atoms one of the ſubterranean rocks, and intermingling his faltering accents with languid howlings, thus began:

Feel'ſt thou like me, the inflam'd, unquenchable tortures, which death, eternal death, pours into the deepeſt receſſes of this immortal ſubſtance? Behold, to thee, thou loſt, condemn'd, eternal ſinner! I, a loſt, condemn'd eternal ſinner, will, if poſſible, deſcribe their dread appearance. 'Tis true,

the loweſt Hell affords not images ſufficient to enable me to ſhew thee all my torments. Yet hear me, thou accurs'd! If thou feeleſt not all that I feel, what I ſhall tell thee will render thee ſufficiently miſerable. With me ſhalt thou feel them, or ſtiffen'd with horror, ſhalt dread their approach. So low am I abas'd in my miſery, that I no longer rejoice at thy torment. So deep is my abaſement, that with furious indignation I dare to confeſs it.—Yes he is omnipotent!—But what—what am I?—The blackeſt monſter of the abyſs! The loweſt—the loweſt I lie, and all Hell is upon me! With all its torments am I oppreſs'd! to all the terrors of the fiery gulph, my boaſted empire, am I abandon'd!—Has he held thoſe, whom he has doom'd to eternal horror, worthy of being caſt down by his thunder? No, an angel bid us fly—our boaſted courage ſunk, and we like cowards fled!—But in whoſe name did his meſſenger utter that command?—Oh! what do I feel! with what new judgment am I threaten'd! the great name I dare not utter! He in whoſe name we fled—he

whom we perſecuted, now perhaps dies! A new, a more fiery dart of deſtruction flies with this thought thro' all my immortal powers. Darkneſs on darkneſs ſurrounds me. The obſcure myſtery affords not the leaſt glimmering ray—Ah! this is miſery—all, all around me is miſery! Even the hope, the wretched, the agonizing hope of annihilation vaniſhes. Ye worlds, and thou Heaven, turn ye to chaos—to night—to Hell!—Fall ye upon me, and hide me from the wrath of the OMNIPOTENT.

ADRAMELECH, whoſe pride was humbled low, could ſcarce, with ſobbing anguiſh and deſpairing look, reply, Help me I implore thee, help me, cry'd he, bellowing loud, while on SATAN he laid his iron hands. Help me—thou accurs'd, thou odious rebel, help me. I ſuffer the pangs of ever-dying death. Once I could hate thee with furious hatred, but now I can no more!—This too is pointed miſery! Oh, how am I tortur'd! I would curſe thee, but I cannot, I would curſe myſelf for imploring help of thee. Could I with flaming rage vent my curſes on thee,

it would perhaps afford me a drop of comfort.—I will—I will. Here fainting with the effort, he backward ſell.

Thus both experienc'd the vengeance ſent forth from the mighty VICTOR; and ſo far Terror ſtretch'd her cruſhing arm, that other infernal rebels felt her power, and the loweſt Hell, reſounded with the howlings of deſpair.

But O muſe of Sion! no farther unveil the depths of Hell, the dreary abodes of pain and horror. Another and a nobler ſcene opens before thee, a ſcene of ſacred melancholy, of holy adoration, and of grace divine.

JESUS now turning his eyes from the Dead Sea, view'd the celeſtial bands that diſſolv'd in pious grief, and rapt in ſacred wonder, ſurrounded the croſs. The ſoft ſenſations of eternal love appear'd in the looks of the divine SAVIOUR! and long did they dwell on thoſe ſouls who had never enter'd a mortal frame, or ſanctify'd the duſt. Now approach'd one of thoſe happy periods in which the earth was bleſs'd with many noble minds, that ſpread their

influence through future ages. 'Tis true, the fame of virtuous deeds doth not always float along the ſtream of time: yet the great effects of fair examples are ſeen in thoſe of docile mind, conquering diſguſt and error; and, with a progreſs ſecret but ſure, are found to flow into the deeds of poſterity. Thus, though the ſtone thrown into water ſinks, on the ſurface wider and ſtill wider circles, quivering ſpread around. Now one the moſt exalted of thoſe unembody'd ſpirits perceiving a glympſe of the light, which during her ſtay on earth, was to beam pure ſanctification and radiant truth, thus indulg'd her thoughts.

Still more and more do I feel, that he is the great Messiah. Innumerable and powerful as the ſuns that gild the ſtarry fields of light whence we came, but with influence much more benign, are the thoughts I read in his countenance.—But how different is his appearance from that of our friends the angels?—Ah he reſembles the men by whom he is ſurrounded! but in his form alone he reſembles them. In their faces is ſomething gloomy, and

averſe to their Creator. Ah! what is man! We muſt alſo be of their number; like them we muſt be cloath'd in mortal bodies; like them ſhall live a while, and then return to the Eternal. O thou Father of angels and of men, be thy decrees accompliſh'd! Thy divine will be done! and thine, O thou Messiah! Of all that is difficult to conceive, this is moſt inconceivable, that thou, once array'd in thy Father's glory, ſuffereſt—There thou, rais'd above the hill, art ſuſpended; there thy paſſing life ſeems to flow away; and ye angels who once reſolv'd my queſtions, are now ſilent. Yet within myſelf I feel that this departing life, to which, O thou divine! haſt condeſcended to ſubmit, is of importance to me—to me, perhaps of more importance, than to the flaming ſeraph—I love the ſuffering Messiah more than I can tell. O my God, accompliſh what thou haſt begun, complete my inflam'd, my continual, my devout breathings after felicity! Thou alone, O thou Infinite Source of perfection,

art my felicity! In thy preſence is eternal joy.

Thus meditated the tranſported ſpirit, and not fruitleſs were its meditations. God, who oft in diſtant periods prepares what he is determin'd to accompliſh, thus forms the ſoul for a life of probation, and for the ſucceeding joys of eternal, ineffable felicity.

Let time now fly with joyful wings. Around the croſs ſtood waiting with devout fervor, the future guardians of the ſouls who drew near to a mortal life.

Trembling with ſolicitous joy, the attendant angels ſtood, while from the Redeemer's eye iſſu'd the great command, Go and live; believe and overcome. Their angels then ſmiling, receiv'd their charge and led them forth.

Relate, O Sion's muſe! their life: relate their gifts, and graces, while dwelling in tabernacles of clay, they paſs'd their mortal pilgrimage, in ſacred love and pious ardour; imitating the bright example of their Saviour. The effects of the new ſenſations they had experienc'd on be-

holding the dying MESSIAH, took root in all, and at length unfolding with their increaſing perceptions, became mingled with the reſplendant grace that flows from above.

One of the faireſt of theſe ſouls was thine, O TIMOTHY! With ardent and with humble zeal didſt thou watch over the church committed to thy care. Undaunted didſt thou venture to preach a dying, a riſen JESUS. It was PAUL, the choſen champion of the MEDIATOR, againſt the mighty of the earth, who oppos'd the doctrine of CHRIST, the conqueror of death. — It was PAUL who brought to him the knowledge of the LORD, out of that awful, that dazzling light which beam'd conviction. The pure ſoul of TIMOTHY learnt, with tremulous joy, the way to eternal felicity, and taught it to thouſands. Thouſands too were converted by his death; when having nobly finiſh'd his courſe, he fell by the executioner's ſword. Like PAUL and CEPHAS, he, as a bright and reſplendent luminary, ſhone in the church,

Thou, Antipas, didſt early receive the glorious rewards prepar'd for the faithful. Then the Judge of the earth, in his ſentence on the church of Patmos, mention'd thine immortal name. With inflexible fidelity, with pure, with warm affection thou didſt love thy crucify'd Lord, love him till death.

Hermas, with tears of joy, ſang the Mediator.—Sang him who dy'd, who roſe again, who aſcended on high, and led captivity captive.—Sang the Son of God, the Saviour of frail and mortal man.—The Son of God, who ſhall raiſe the dead—ſhall judge the world. His hymns were ſung by Chriſtians retired to ſolitary caves, when Hermas receiving an intimation of the will of the Most High, left the choir of his rejoicing brethren, joyfully ſuffer'd death, and went to join the more exalted choir above.

Phebe, deſirous of doing good, and winning ſouls, left the narrow limits that confine her ſex, and generouſly devoted herſelf to the ſervice of the church. She kindly ſtrove to remove the diſtreſſes of,

the indigent; to help the ſick; to comfort the dying. Heaven-born Charity, her dear companion, was always with her; but ſhe fled from Applauſe, and was known only to the pious, and to the angels.

From every fluctuating doubt of falſe wiſdom, Herodion at length was freed, and was convinc'd, that he who was not more exalted by miracles than by truth, had made known the Eternal Father's will: diſpers'd the ſhades of death, and mark'd the path that leads to Heaven. Through what intricate mazes of thorny ſpeculation did he wander, before he reach'd the light which God, at length, pour'd around him! In what painful, what fruitleſs reſearches did he engage, before he found the lightneſs of the ſcale of human knowledge, and the preponderating weight of that of heavenly wiſdom!

Epaphras was powerful in prayer. Like Paul, he was eſteem'd worthy to ſuffer for the ſake of the crucify'd Jesus. He was thrown into the priſon of a tyrant. The priſon heard his prayers for the churches, and the bleſſings deriv'd from

his ſupplications chiefly ſtream'd down on his belov'd Coloſſians. With them he watch'd and ſtrove with unwearied diligence. His zeal and fervor were bleſs'd with ſucceſs. They flouriſh'd and ſpread their branches, they bloſſom'd and brought forth the fruits of ſanctification, righteouſneſs and peace. Laodicea too, partook of the benefits of his inſtructions, and by his exhortations and prayers many ſouls were inflam'd with love to the crucify'd Saviour. But at laſt Laodicea ſunk into a cool indifference. The belov'd diſciple of Jesus then ſent from Patmos the ſentence of the Judge, which was mingled with mercy and with grace. On her repentance he promis'd that ſhe ſhould ſtill be cloath'd in white garments, and ſtill receive the victor's crown.

Persis was one of thoſe favourites of Heaven whom God, through tribulation, leads to eternal reſt. Reſign'd amidſt her ſufferings, ſhe mingled her tears of affliction with thoſe of gratitude and joy, when in ſilent prayer ſhe pour'd out her ſoul to her Maker and Friend.

Not from a love of fame, the partial, the lukewarm rewarder of Virtue, often her cruel perſecutor, and malevolent ſlanderer, was Apelles actuated; nor from a fondneſs for the eſteem of the wiſe, who, however ſagacious, know not the ſecret ſprings of action; for the act alone is viſible to the bodily eye, the intention only to the mind of the agent. Thus within himſelf he often thought, while his love of the Omniscient, whoſe piercing view penetrates the ſecret purpoſes of the ſoul, with the exalted rewards promis'd to the pure in heart, were the animating motives that excited him to practiſe the moſt exalted virtues.

The merit of Flavius Clemens aroſe not from his diveſting himſelf of the luſtre deriv'd from his affinity to Cæsar. It was eaſy to deſpiſe the tyrant: but the courtiers accus'd him of being immers'd in indolence unbecoming a Roman; of being dead to buſineſs, honour, and his country. His noble ſoul, though not inſenſible to the ſting of theſe reproaches, ſtill perſever'd in his adherence to the

duties of chriſtianity, duties which he eſteem'd the moſt exalted and ſublime. Thus he became worthy of the martyr's crown. Fain would he have perform'd nearer the throne thoſe actions which inſtructed and animated the ſaints; but knowing that his generous labours for the good of mankind, would there be loſt on ſervile flatterers, and their luxurious lord, he confin'd himſelf within a more contracted ſphere, and enjoy'd the opportunity of doing good, and improving his immortal ſoul.

Lucius, though wrapp'd in the entangling net of buſineſs, with a mind free and undiſturb'd, diſcharg'd his duty with unweary'd zeal; neither proud of his merit, nor diſcourag'd when the ſeed he ſow'd ſeem'd not to ſhoot. Sedulous in redeeming time, he knew how to baniſh the world; to ſpare ſome ſacred hours for prayer and meditation; ſome happy hours for the gentle offices of meek-ey'd Mercy and of ſmiling Charity; and through this pleaſing courſe enter'd into life eternal.

Ye females emulate the virtues of TRYPHENA. Ye alſo live among unbelievers. With the pureſt, the nobleſt, the moſt virtuous paſſion, the tender TRYPHENA lov'd. The youth was beautiful, and adorn'd with every amiable quality; but he was an heathen, and reſolv'd to remain ſo. TRYPHENA apprehended danger from his eaſy-flowing eloquence, and ſtill more from the ſoft paſſion that ſwell'd her heart: ſhe therefore ſtruggled and triumph'd over it. Serenity and joy were the rewards of her pious reſolution, not to hazard a ſoul deſtin'd for immortality.

LINUS, who before his martyrdom, bravely diſdain'd to accept of proffer'd life, purchas'd by apoſtacy, was ſuperior to the mean enjoyments which enſnare even the good, and which with pain they ſtrive to ſhun. He, retiring alone with the SEARCHER OF HEARTS, or joining in company with friends of pure and noble ſentiments, lov'd to compare men and their actions with the examples and precepts of the word of GOD, the ſource of ſublime thoughts and heavenly ſentiments.

He lov'd to diſperſe the gloom that hovers o'er the grave, and to loſe himſelf in the bright extatic proſpect of a reſurrection to eternal glory.

By Trajan, who here ſtain'd his noble mind, was Ignatius, ſentenc'd to be dragg'd to a cruel death. He triumph'd in bearing ignominy for his belov'd Lord. No meaner reproach could be brought againſt this great, this exalted ſaint, than his too earneſtly ſtriving for the honours that encircle the martyr's brow. The eagerneſs of the ſons of Vice and Folly in purſuit of pleaſure, could only exceed the ardour with which he long'd to obtain the radiant crown; if there can be exceſs in aſpiring after ſuch a prize. His ſetting glories ſhone with the ſame mild influence, as that with which they roſe. How valuable is the concluſion of the life of a Chriſtian! How beautiful to his companions in the victory, appears the ſweat of the conqueror, when he has obtain'd his prize, and the great reward is ready! He ſtrengthen'd, he animated with the proſpect of eternal felicity, the brethren who flock'd

once more to ſee him, and to receive his laſt bleſſing. Thoſe whom his eyes, ſwimming in the kindly drops of joy could not behold, by his letters he exhorted, comforted, and enflam'd with love to the divine REDEEMER, till being cruelly dragg'd to the amphitheatre, he was there, by wild beaſts, torn in pieces.

The parents of the young and amiable CLAUDIA were heathens; heathens were her brothers and ſiſters. Her father was a man of honour; affectionate was her mother; her brothers and ſiſters were worthy of eſteem. CLAUDIA lov'd them, and ſhar'd their love. Yet ſhe alone became a Chriſtian. She then lamented their error, and boldly perſevering, in ſpight of oppoſition, dy'd in the faith of her LORD.

He who flies from ſociety, is not always an enemy to mankind. Far from the buſy world liv'd AMPLIAS, who, to a deep knowledge of human frailty, united an ardent and ſteady deſire to fulfil the great, the aſtoniſhing command, Be ye perfect, even as your heavenly FATHER is perfect. From the radiant ſeats of Heaven ſtream'd

this injunction, like a divine light on the inhabitants of the duſt. He look'd, he never turn'd from the narrow gate thro' which it beam'd; but with vigorous perſeverance, falling and riſing, climb'd the rugged ſteep.

PHLEGON had travell'd over the bright circle of Grecian literature, and great were his earthly poſſeſſions; yet that did not inflate him with vanity, nor theſe ſink him into voluptouſneſs. Wherever he went ſilent flow'd the balm of humanity; the ſick receiv'd comfort; the naked were cloath'd. Gifts more eſſential he alſo beſtow'd: theſe were ſalutary counſels to the diſeaſes of the mind, diſeaſes worſe than thoſe of the body. He diſpens'd healing comfort to the ſoul entangled in the web of doubts, and many wavering Chriſtians, who were ready to forſake the bleeding FRIEND of the human race, he brought back into the path to Heaven. From real humility, he ſeem'd a ſtranger to worldly wiſdom, and to know nothing but JESUS —JESUS the REDEEMER from ſin, the ſureſt ſupport in life and in death! but

to his brethren, perplex'd in doubts and ſcruples, his profound knowledge flow'd like an inexhauſtible ſpring, and the thirſty traveller was refreſh'd with copious draughts.

Tryphosa, kind by nature, and ſtill more kind from duty; was the beſt of mothers. Her numerous offspring ſhe carefully inſtructed in the knowledge of Christ. Inexhauſtible, and unweary'd in the arts of wiſdom, ſhe finiſh'd the work ſhe was appointed to perform; and was an ornament to the church: yet her many good actions were conceal'd. But ſcarce had ſhe brought forth her laſt ſon, when ſhe expir'd weeping. She bewail'd him, and dy'd. Then the bleſſing of the Eternal deſcended on her family. Her elder ſons educated the infant; who, at length, dy'd a martyr. The ſeraphs receiv'd the happy ſpirit from the arms of Death: they aſcended in triumph; and, with extatic joy, ſhe welcom'd her ſon on his arrival at the regions of unutterable felicity.

To forbear revenge, when revenge is juſtice, is great: to love the offender, is noble:

to alleviate his diſtreſſes by private offices of kindneſs, is divine. Thus didſt thou—with reverence I write thy name—thus didſt thou, Erastus! When thine exalted ſoul enter'd the celeſtial abodes, angels, riſing from their golden ſeats, congratulated thee, and hail'd thine arrival with ſongs of triumph.

Theſe were the ſouls which their guardian angel led from the croſs of the dying Jesus, into a life of probation. With expanded wings they deſcended from mount Olivet, and came to Gethſemane. At the garden where the Son of the Eternal ſuffer'd his agony, they were ſeiz'd with awe. Thoſe who ſtood under the palms ſaluted them with cordial love: Theſe were Simeon, and the great prophet, who had the honour to baptize the divine Jesus, and to ſee the Holy Spirit hovering over him like a dove, while the voice of the Most High, deſcending from Heaven, pronounc'd, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleas'd. Here were alſo Esaiah, the great prophet of the cruciſy'd Jesus, and Ezekiel who beheld a

type of the reſurrection; when crying, Hear, ye dry bones; the bones ſhook, and the dead awoke. Here too were NOAH, who found grace in the eyes of the LORD; righteous LOT; MELCHISEDEK, a prophet, prieſt and king; JOSEPH and BENJAMIN his brother; DAVID and JONATHAN; fair MIRIAM, the ſiſter of MOSES, and thou, DEBORAH, who ſang the mercies of GOD, the ſaviour of thee, and of the hoſt of ISRAEL.

SIMEON now cry'd, Bleſſed ſouls! go and enter your frail habitations of clay. May ye bring many to ſalvation! May ye diffuſe benevolence and love thro' all the deſcendants of ADAM: benevolence purer and more ſublime than the philoſophers ever taught. Ah JOHN, how happy is their fate! How exalted will be their reward! Does not this ſight brighten the gloomy ideas, that ſtream from the hill of Golgotha?

The harbinger of the LORD return'd, Had I words to expreſs my thoughts, could floods of mournful or joyous tears reveal what I feel, then, O SIMEON, would I

tell what I have felt, ſince the gracious Messiah has been dying on the croſs. But ſilence beſt becomes me.

Thy words, return'd Simeon, pierce thro' my ſoul. I was exulting in the end of his ſufferings, and the glories that await him on the right hand of the Majesty on High. But how haſt thou brought me back! Ah! he whom, weeping, I embrac'd—he whom, ſpeechleſs, I held in my arms, till God reſtoring my voice, I burſt into prayers and thankſgivings—he—he bleeds—he bleeds on the croſs—with malefactors bleeds!—While his heart ſtill glows with love to man—with love to his murderers—he bleeds—he dies!—But I will hold my peace till all be accompliſh'd.

Then Deborah and Miriam, after a long and mournful ſilence, burſt into lugubrious lays, flowing with melting ſoftneſs. For the voices of the immortals riſe in ſpontaneous harmony to expreſs ſenſations like thoſe of Deborah and Miriam. Hence ſhe who, on Ephraim's mount, gave her name to the ſpreading palm, and

Amram's daughter, thus in alternate verſes ſang.

O thou, once the moſt lovely of human beings! thou who waſt the faireſt of the ſons of men! how are thy features chang'd by the livid traces of death!

My heart is plung'd in ſofteſt ſorrow, and clouds of grief ſurround me; yet ſtill to me he appears the moſt beautiful of men: of all the creation the moſt lovely: fairer than the ſons of light, when glowing with fervour, they adore the Eternal.

Mourn ye Cedars of Lebanon, which, to the weary afford a refreſhing ſhade: the ſighing Cedar is cut down: of the Cedar is form'd his croſs.

Mourn ye Flowers of the vale, which grow on the banks of the ſilver ſtream; ye muſt not encircle the Saviour's head: it is already crown'd with piercing thorns.

Unweary'd he lift up his hands to his Father in behalf of ſinners. His feet, unweary'd, viſited the dwellings of affliction. Now are they pierc'd. His hands and feet are pierc'd with cruel wounds.

His divine brow, he on that mount, bows to the duſt: from it runs mingled blood and ſweat. Alas! how is it now wounded by cruel thorns!—by his bloody crown!

The ſoul of his mother is wounded as with a ſword. Ah thou Son moſt gracious and divine! have compaſſion on thy mother, and comfort her, leſt at the foot of thy croſs, ſhe die!

Ah, were I his mother, and already in the life of bliſs, a ſword would ſtill pierce through my ſoul.

O Miriam! his compaſſion-beaming eyes are almoſt extinguiſh'd, and hard he draws his breath, which ſtill breathes nought but love. Soon, ah ſoon will his laſt looks be directed towards the Heavens.

O Deborah! a mortal paleneſs ſits on his fallen cheeks, wet with the trickling drops of love. Soon will his divine head ſink on that croſs, to riſe no more.

Thou, who ſhineſt above, O celeſtial Jeruſalem! burſt into tears of joy. Soon will the hour of affliction be paſt.

Thou, who ſinneſt below, O terreſtrial Jeruſalem! burſt into tears of grief; for

ſoon, at thy barbarous hands, will the Sovereign Judge require his blood.

The ſtars in their courſes ſtand ſtill, and the Creation is ſtruck dumb at the ſufferings of her Creator!—At the ſufferings of Jesus! the everlaſting High Priest! the Redeemer! the Prince of Peace!

The earth alſo ſtands ſtill, and from you who dwell on its ſurface, the ſun has withdrawn his light. For this is Jesus! the everlaſting High Priest! the Redeemer! the Prince of Peace! Hallelujah.

Thus reſponſive ſang Deborah and Miriam. The bleſſed Saviour now viſibly approaching the moment of death, moſt of the faithful withdrew, unable to bear the awful ſight. With fix'd eye and unſteady ſtep, Lebbeus retir'd, follow'd at a diſtance by Lazarus, who was involv'd in more compos'd diſtreſs. Lebbeus entering a ruinous ſepulchre near the foot of the mount of Olives, and leaning on a piece of the fallen rock, ſunk down upon his knees, and reſted his head on the craggy ſtone. When Lazarus ſtopping at the entrance, with gentle voice, that would attract the

ear of languiſhing ſorrow, and make her ſtoop to liſten, thus ſpake:

Sink not my friend, beneath thy grief. Lift up thy face from the damp, the ſilent tomb, and let me ſee thee look at me. Ah, doſt thou no longer know the voice of him whom thou haſt always lov'd?—of him who has return'd thy love?—I am Lazarus, whoſe death coſt thee ſo many tears, whom Jesus reſtor'd to life. Oh with what tranſports of joy, that ſeem'd too big for utterance, didſt thou then, with faultering voice, thank our divine Master! Before we return'd him our greatful thanks, this body lay in the grave, and corruption began to ſeize upon it. Of this we have oft diſcours'd. Thou like the other diſciples, thought'ſt that his kingdom was to be on earth, ere it began in Heaven; yet never couldſt thou ſolve the doubts that kept me from labouring to find ſome earthly meaning, in the ſublime diſcourſes of our Lord. But ſhake off, O my friend! this depreſſing grief. Open to me thine afflicted heart. Thou ſhalt lament him—thou ſhalt lament the divine Saviour, who lingering in a-

cuteſt pain, has during ſucceſſive hours been dying on the croſs. Yet ſink not under thy grief. He can, if he pleaſes, deſcend from the fatal tree. But though he die, he will never ſee corruption. Can he who was before Abraham, who deſcended from Heaven to raiſe mankind to the manſions of bliſs—can he be ſubject to corruption?

Lebbeus ſtill lean'd on the rock, yet turning his face towards Lazarus, with fix'd eyes look'd up to his friend, who running to him, embrac'd him, brought him out of the ſepulchre, and ſeizing his hand, cry'd, Raiſe thine eyes, O Lebbeus, and behold. I perceive the preſence of God in this ſcene of gloomy horror. With what ſolemnity is it diſtinguiſh'd by the Almighty! How has he cloath'd the heavens and earth with his terrors! May not God, by the death of the Holy One of Israel, be accompliſhing thoſe things we did not underſtand? Since the divine Saviour has been bleeding, I have felt—(how ſhall I expreſs my thoughts in juſt and worthy terms)—I have felt ſenſations ſoothing and peaceful, that have ſoften'd

my affliction. Every thing around me appears ſacred. Wherever I turn, I find the traces of the ETERNAL, the marks of his omnipreſence. This ſacred tranquillity is fill'd with divine ſenſations. Since the gracious Sufferer has been bleeding on the croſs I have heard a ſoft breezy fluttering, as if bands of the immortals were hovering near me. The ſame I heard when my ſoul had quitted its frail habitation. Celeſtial beings alſo frequently glance before my eyes with rapid flight. This, my dear friend, diffuſes thro' my ſoul a divine calm, the peace of GOD, and dawning felicity.

Here LAZARUS paus'd, when LEBBEUS, fixing his looks upon him, ſuddenly call'd out, Thou art ſtruck with amazement!—Ah, who is it? On whom doſt thou gaze with ſuch joyful tranſport?

LAZARUS, on recovering his ſpeech, anſwer'd, Juſt now a celeſtial ſpirit ſhot over me.—Never before have I had ſuch a view of the glory of an immortal!—of the bliſs of the other world! He has perhaps brought from Heaven ſome divine meſſage: for his flight was ſwift as the

quickeſt thought. Having thus with faultering rapture ſpoke, he embrac'd Lebbeus, and then added, He will not—No, he at whoſe birth the hoſt of Heaven rejoic'd, will not ſee corruption!

Lazarus beheld the ſplendor of Uriel. The immortal had flown from the ſun, and with face glowing from his inconceivable ſpeed, went up to the progenitors of the human race, and ſaid, I muſt—I muſt inform you of what I have ſeen. The chief angel of death deſcends from Heaven, with courſe direct towards the earth. The flames of the Lord blaze before him; the flutter of his wings has the ſound of the roaring ſtorm, and etherial ſilence flies at his approach. Was his flaming ſword to touch a world, the enkindled duſt would inſtantly be diſpers'd thro' the immenſity of ſpace. Dreadful is his look—more dreadful than when on the guilty earth he pour'd the overwhelming deluge, and as the miniſter of the general deſtruction, empty'd the oceans of the celeſtial waters. Soon will ye ſee him, and at the ſight terror ſhall come upon you, as it did upon me. Deep

inexpreſſible ſorrow is impreſs'd on his awful countenance. Ah he is ſent to make known the death of the Mediator between God and man, and to denounce the judgments of the Almighty on yon guilty city! Uriel then trembling, turn'd aſide, and mingled with the angels.

Amazement mute and motionleſs ſeiz'd the ſouls of the patriarchs, and this was follow'd by a dejection too deep for words to expreſs. Struck with the thought that Christ, the Son of God, was in a few moments to expire, the ſouls for whom he was to die, tho' redeem'd from ſin, ſeem'd to ſink back into their former earthly life, and to feel ſenſations of guilt, which remembrance cloath'd in all its dread array.

Enoch lean'd with his left hand on a tomb, and rais'd his right towards Heaven. Tho' he had walk'd with God; tho' he had not fallen by the hand of Death, nor had ever moulder'd in the grave, yet in the eye of infinite Wiſdom, and ſpotleſs Purity, he was not free from ſin; but by his faith and repentance he pleas'd God, and

was tranſlated. Had the earth been diſſolv'd, and the great lamp of Heaven extinguiſh'd, ſtill would he have remain'd undiſmay'd: but at the near approach of the Saviour's death, grief ſtream'd thro' his inmoſt powers; and the angels, the patriarchs, the unborn ſouls, and every mortal vaniſh'd from his ſight. Scarce could his eye diſcern the bloody croſs.

Near him Abel lay on a rock in ſilent proſtration. This ſon of Adam was adorn'd with the ſweeteſt innocence that mortal knows, with fervent piety, and gentle love, yet dy'd by a murderous brother's hand. His eyes were now alternately lift up to Heaven, and caſt on the croſs, while he lamented that the Saviour of the world, the Son of Righteousness, ſhould ſuffer a more cruel death than he.

Seth, the worthy brother of the firſt dead, and an early preacher of righteouſneſs, had often, thro' the many centuries of his long life, meditated on the promis'd Seed, who ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head; but had been able to form no idea of

the dreadful ſufferings of the mighty Victor. Now, with trembling heart and ſtammering tongue he cry'd, O thou Judge of all!—thou Judge of whatever was, and is, and is to come!—Then pauſing, caſt his looks to Heaven, to the croſs, to the redeem'd, and to the ſepulchres of the dead.

Long had darkneſs cover'd the eyes of David: Long had he trembled; yet, ſince the coming of Uriel, he ſtood looking up to him, who drew near to the grave. At length, recovering his ſpeech, theſe broken ſentences flow'd from his lips: O God! my Saviour's God! Why haſt thou forſaken him? He pours forth his ſighs before thee: but thou delayeſt to help him. The baſeſt of ſinners have laugh'd him to ſcorn—have derided his confidence in thee. He is pour'd out like water: his heart is melted within him: his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth, and ſoon wilt thou, O Death, lay him in the duſt. Wild beaſts, and not men, encompaſs him. They ſtand and look upon him whom they have pierc'd—Ah, how they have pierc'd his hands and his feet! They have ſtretch'd him on the

croſs, and all his bones may be number'd! O God moſt merciful and gracious, how unſearchable are all thy ways! Soon will he leave his mortal frame--ſoon will he aſcend on high, triumph over the grave, and lead Captivity captive. Then may his death be declar'd to the ends of the earth, that all the generations of men may bow before him!

Job, made perfect by ſufferings, the trials of his faith and virtue, had been encompaſs'd by the terrors of the Omnipotent: but, unable longer to think of the crucify'd Saviour's death, he ſoar'd from the depths of affliction, crying, He will live!—he will live, and ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth: The conqueror of death and of Hell. Then ſhall my eyes ſee him.—They ſhall ſee thee in thy glory, my Lord! my Redeemer! my Saviour!

Thus were the faithful affected by the expectation of the angel of Death. But the near approach of the awful moment, when the divine Messiah was to leave his earthly habitation, fill'd with ſtill ſtronger ſenſations the firſt parents of the human race: who, when Uriel deſcended, were ſtand-

ing close to each other, with their eyes fasten'd on the Saviour, feeling thro' all their vital powers, some resemblance of the terror inspir'd by the angel who drove them out of Paradise. Thus, at the last day, the bless'd, struck by the trumpet's powerful clangor, the trembling earth teeming with resurrection, and their own sensations of returning life, will be lost in wonder and astonishment; but at length, friends enraptur'd will know their friends, and brothers their brothers, whom, while absorb'd in amazement, they had not seen. So Eve, at length, took by the hand the father of men, and, with words scarce rising to sound, cry'd, Say, O Adam, shall we seek some deep, some humble abyss; and there prostrate ourselves, imploring the Almighty to alleviate the pains of his death?

Adam, with a look of love, reply'd, O mother of the human race! much too mean are we to intercede for him with his Almighty Father. Were Job, Noah, Daniel, and even Eloa, the most exalted of the celestial spirits, with ardent

ſervour to join with us, vain would be our ſupplications. The diſpenſations of God are all conducted by unerring wiſdom—by infinite goodneſs. He does not ſee fit to interpoſe, and therefore no comfort—no conſolation will the Saviour receive amidſt his anguiſh. Such are the decrees of the Almighty, whoſe ways are inſcrutable. Ah! I am fill'd with a new idea, which perhaps flows from God, follow me, and do what thou ſeeſt me perform.

Now with mournful flight they deſcended from the mount of Olives to the hill of death, and ſtopp'd at the ſepulchre, where the gracious Saviour, like his brethren of the duſt, was to ſleep. Before the entrance of this houſe of death was roll'd a large and ponderous block of ſtone, on one ſide of which ſtood the father, and on the other the mother of the human race. The idea of the near ſepulchre of the crucify'd Jesus, pierc'd her ſoul, like an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty, ſhe ſunk on the ſtone. Adam raiſing his hands, thrice utter'd, in-

ſilence, the name of the Redeemer; while with an attentive look of mingled love and grief, he view'd his face, now more pale than that of death. Soon overcome with the ſight, he ſunk in the duſt, and placing his ſorrowful brow on his folded hands, fix'd his eyes on the ground, from which God had form'd his mortal frame, and in loud prayer rais'd his ſuppliant voice, while the angels, and the exalted ſouls of his happy deſcendants heard his impaſſioned oriſons.

Lord God, merciful and gracious, faithful and long-ſuffering; who forgiveſt iniquity, tranſgreſſion and ſin, hear the fervent prayer we ſend up to thee from the gloomy ſepulchre of thy belov'd Son, who dies for our offences — who dies that man may triumph over death. Thou wilt hear us; for long have we been permitted with rapturous joy, to ſee thy face, and to rejoice in thy mercy! And, O thou long promis'd, thou dying Saviour! whom we too have beheld in thine effulgent glory, ere thou condeſcendedſt to put on that garment of fleſh, and here on

earth to live—to die for man. On this ſolemn day, on which thou reſtoreſt to the viſion of the FATHER, all who reſiſt not thy gracious purpoſe; reconcileſt man to the obedience of the truth, and deliveredſt him from the puniſhment of ſin—from that king of terrors, eternal death, may I with humble ſorrow recollect my ſins? May the firſt of men, O my dying SAVIOUR! while thou humbleſt thyſelf to the death of the croſs, be allowed to contemplate his forgiven offence!

Here ſacred melancholy and devout tranſport ſuppreſs'd his utterance. EVE ſilent, with expreſſive countenance, had accompany'd his prayer, and now added with audible voice: O thou who art devoted to death! on this day of blood—on this day, when, O my belov'd REDEEMER! thy mortal frame is to lie down in the grave, let EVE, the firſt of women, alſo mention her crime, with ſuch grace forgiven, and acknowledge it with tears of grateful love! Here ſhe ceas'd, and ADAM thus reſum'd:

'Twas we began the fatal treſpaſs; we proceeded: we completed the dire offence. O deed of horror! ſlight was the prohibition—how eaſy to perform! We receiv'd it from God, the Firſt, the Beſt of Beings! our Creator! who from the duſt rais'd our human frame, and gave us ſouls to know, and tongues to praiſe his goodneſs: who, while we were bleſs'd with innocence, fill'd our minds with inborn joy, and ſweet ſenſations: who rewarded our ardent prayers with pleaſing rapture; every new reſolution not to taſte of the fair forbidden fruit, every act of obedience before our wretched fall, with ſublimeſt delight: who continually reminded us of his preſence and ſovereign wiſdom, by ten thouſand living creatures, whoſe admirable texture inceſſantly rewarded ſpeculation with new diſcoveries, and increaſing wonder; who gave to me, the mother of mankind, and me to her: whoſe apparent glory beſtow'd on us, rais'd us nearer to him, than all the ſurrounding creation.—Yet preſumptuous and ungrateful, we vainly ſtrove, O thou Source of Being!

to ſeize thy power, thy glory, and to become like thee divine.—But, gracious FATHER, thou haſt forgiven us. Thee let us forever adore with warmeſt gratitude and awful love. And O thou divine SAVIOUR of men, the EFFLUENCE of thy FATHER's ſplendor! may theſe ſufferings be repaid with glory, and honour, and affectionate obedience! May all the wide creation hail thy goodneſs, and all mankind proclaim thy grace!

Thus ADAM gave vent to the ſtrong ſenſations of his mind, and with him our general mother: he with loud voice, and ſhe in ſilent thought. Then the countenance of the dying REDEEMER beam'd on them divine mercy, heavenly tranquility, and that peace of GOD which paſſeth knowledge. Enraptur'd, they felt theſe effuſions of the MEDIATOR's love, and the firſt of men fill'd with extatic ardor, ſtretching his arms towards the croſs, thus cry'd:

O my SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR of mankind, my children! thy love exceeds all thought: nor can words expreſs my

thanks; for "eternity itſelf is too ſhort "to utter all thy praiſe." Here will I ſtay till thou bow'ſt thy head in death. But amidſt the pain thou ſuffereſt for ſinners hear my ſupplications for my offspring —for all who ſhall hereafter dwell on earth. In the imperfect dawn of infant thought may they feel thy love and liſp thy praiſe! O guide their blooming years; cheriſh the tender plants that they may early bring forth fruit! Irradiate thoſe with tranſcendant virtue, and truth divine who, in riper age, are to enlighten the earth, and teach the ways of GOD to man! May the traveller never ſlumber in the cooling ſhade, or on the brink of the refreſhing ſtream, while he loſes ſight of the radiant crown which GOD holds out from afar; and captivated by graveling preſent joys forgets the glorious future recompence! And may all who ceaſe to attend to the ſoft voice of love and grace, be call'd by affliction from the error of their ways.

O my children! my children! how inexpreſſible is the condeſcenſion and grace

of him who dies on the croſs for you! May your ſtony hearts be touch'd by his all-conquering love! With contrite ſouls may ye hear the voice of the blood which now flows from Calvary in ſtreams of mercy and of grace!—

But what bliſs pours in upon me! what joy pervades my inmoſt powers! while I contemplate the glories that await the righteous dead! From them the beatific viſion is before death conceal'd—They now enjoy it all—are raviſh'd with ineffable delight, and with triumphant joy behold their Lord—their Saviour! Oh when thou, after the final judgment, ſhalt free the earth from the curſe brought upon it by my ſin, and ſhalt create it anew blooming like Eden, then, innumerable as the ſands of the ſea, as the drops of the morning dew glittering in the fields, and as the ſtars that ſhine in the firmament, be the multitude of thoſe who enter into thy glory!

Eloa now call'd with a voice that ſhook the ſolid baſe of Moria, and made the courts of the temple tremble, crying, He

comes. He comes. The meſſenger of God then deſcended on Sinai. Solitary he ſtood, while to him the heavens and the earth ſeem'd to diſſolve and paſs away. The Eternal, who upholds all things by the word of his power, then preſerv'd him from ſinking, and from him terror withdrew her iron gripe: yet was he fill'd with amazement and dejection. His right hand ſunk, while he, trembling, held his flaming ſword, no longer ſhining in pale ſplendor, but glowing with fiery blaze, like the red lightning ſent by the Almighty as the meſſenger of deſtruction. Seiz'd with reverence and awful love at a gracious look from the Redeemer, he approach'd nearer, and, alighting on mount Calvary, ſunk proſtrate. His voice of thunder now melted into ſofteſt accents, yet was heard by the angelic circle, while he thus addreſs'd the dying Messiah. I, a finite being, am ſent by the Sovereign Judge, to fulfil his great command. O thou, the radiant Image of his grace! thou Saviour of men, who now dyeſt that man may live for ever!

ſtrengthen me, a ſpirit of yeſterday, united to a body form'd of a midnight cloud and liquid flame. Awe and terror compaſs me around; yet muſt I execute the beheſts of thine Almighty Father.

He then return'd to Sinai's lofty ſummit; where Jehovah again array'd him in all his terrors. Dreadful he ſtood, pointing his ſword down towards Golgotha. Behind him aroſe a ſtorm, the vehicle of the immortal's voice, which ſhook the palm groves, ſhook Jordan and Genazereth. Now the ſmoaking blood of the evening ſacrifice ſtream'd on the altar, and the immortal cry'd, Thou, O holy Saviour of men, who condemn'd by that cruel city, haſt freely conſented to ſuffer death for ſinners, thine enemies, the work of mercy and of love is completed. The cry of thy blood is aſcended to the Almighty, proclaiming grace to man: and in a few moments thou wilt become the prey of Death, from whom thou ſhalt riſe victorious; but the once favour'd city of the Lord, which has ſpilt thy blood, ſhall be devoted to miſery, deſolation and

terror. The angel of death then riſing in the clouds, brandiſh'd his flaming ſword over Jeruſalem, crying, A little while and thy palaces ſhall be overflow'd with blood. Famine ſhall walk through thy ſtreets, and Deſolation and Terror reign in all thy pleaſant places.

Meanwhile the holy, the all-gracious Saviour, raiſing his drooping eyes towards Heaven, cry'd in a loud and pathetic voice, not like that of the dying, My God! my God! why haſt thou forſaken me? — The celeſtial ſpirits fill'd with aſtoniſhment, inſtantly veil'd their faces. Now all the painful ſenſations of the holy, the divine Jesus, were redoubled, and with parch'd tongue he cry'd, I thirſt. He thirſted, call'd and drank: then trembled, bled, and became ſtill more pale. Then again lifting up his benevolent eyes, he ſaid, Father, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit! and adding, It is finiſh'd, bow'd his gracious head and dy'd.

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